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WAITING.

Learn to wait—life's hardest lesson,
Conned, perchance, through blinding tears;
While the heart throbs wildly echo
To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait—hope's slow fruition;
Faint not, though the way seems long;
There is joy in each condition,
Hearts through suffering may be strong.

Constant sunshine, howe'er welcome,
Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oaks owe half their greatness
To the scathing tempest's power.

Thus a soul untouched by sorrow
Aims not at a higher state;
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow—
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness
Spring not from life's sunny side;
Heroes must be more than driftwood
Floating on a waveless tide.

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE PENN.

CHAPTER XXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

AT last however, Dutch was ready, all but having the great copper diving-helmet secured on. A stout leather belt was round his waist, heavy lead-en-soled boots upon his feet; square weights of lead hung from the copper gorget round his neck and breast and back; the long tube was attached to helmet and air-pump, and a keen handy axe and a long sharp double-edged knife lay ready for placing in his belt, side by side with a long heavy iron bar.

A stout wooden ladder, in joints, had been fitted together and secured to the gangway, its foot being within a few inches of the sand that lay in the midst of the sunken wreck, which, seen through the clear water, seemed, although five fathoms down, but a very little distance from the keel of the schooner.

There, too, was the signalling rope, ready for placing round him: and, to make the preparations more complete, the galvanic battery was charged, and a half dozen little dynamite cartridges, attached to as many thin wires, lay ready for hauling in the direction of any approaching shark and exploding in the water. This, it was considered, might kill it, but would certainly scare it away, while the size was not large enough to injure the diver, protected by his helmet. A careful investigation had resulted in not one of the monsters being seen, and all hoped that the explosions of the previous day had killed and scared all that they need fear for the present.

Very good theories all these, but those on board forgot that a good deal of refuse food was thrown overboard by Pollo every now and then, and that this floated away slowly on the current, and might act as an attraction to the fish some distance away.

The air-pump was tried, and proved, thanks to Rasp, in excellent condition. Such of the crew who were not to work at the pump were in good places for observation, partly to satisfy their own curiosity, for the novelty of the coming experiment quite excited them, partly to keep watch for sharks and give ample warning; while a portion of the deck was roped off, where the apparatus was placed, and no one but those at work were allowed to pass the ropes. Here Rasp had arranged his coils of rope with mathematical exactness; the rope for signalling was as carefully arranged, and men stationed at the pump, to the use of which he had drilled them; and in addition a stouter coil of rope with a spring hook was ready, the spring being held in Rasp's hand.

"I think you had better have it attached, Pugh," said Mr. Parkley.

"Nonsense!" said Dutch, smiling; and as his countenance lit up, Hester thought he had never looked so true and brave before. "Why, anyone would think I was a novice, who had never been down before."

"'Taint that, r . Pugh," said Rasp, "it's on account of those long-nosed sharks. You just have it on, and if we sees one o' the warmint coming, we'll haul you up in a way such as'll startle him."

"I'm not afraid of the sharks," said Dutch, taking up and feeling the point of the great dagger like knife. "A man can die but once."

"My dear Pugh," exclaimed Mr. Parkley, "don't talk in that cynical way. Of course a man can only die once; but do you think I want to go to the end of my days feeling that I had murdered you by my neglect? My dear boy, I would not exchange your life for twenty sunken ship-loads of treasure."

"Thank you, Parkley," he said, taking and wringing his hand. "I believe you truly."

"Then, come, you will have the rope attached?"

"No, no—it will be only in the way," he exclaimed.

"My dear fellow, it will not. It is not as if you were going down the hold of a ship. All is clear, there is not even a rock in your way, only a few upright ribs that you can easily avoid."

"But it is such a child-like preparation," said Dutch, petulantly. "Here, give me the helmet, Rasp."

"Yah, you allus was as obstinate as a mule, Mr. Pug," said the old fellow, handing the great casque with its barred visor. "If you don't have the rope, I won't give you a good supply of wind. There!"

"I'm not afraid of that, Rasp," said Dutch, laughing. And then, as he stood with the helmet on his arm, he turned cold and stern again, for he saw Hester approach and as she did so the others involuntarily drew away. "What is it?" he said, coldly.

"Dutch," she whispered, as she laid her hands upon his shoulders, "your true, faithful wife, who has never wronged you in thought or deed, implores you to take the precautions they ask."

"Pish!" he exclaimed, contemptuously.

"You do not believe me, dear," she continued, with the tears streaming down her cheeks; "but God is my judge that I speak the truth. Oh, Dutch, Dutch!" she continued, as she saw his face beginning to work, "some day you will know all, and your heart will bleed for the agony you have caused me."

"Hester," he said, in the same low tone, "I'd give twenty years of my own life to have back the same old trust in you; but it is gone—gone for ever."

"No," she replied, with a bright look beaming in her face, "it is not; the truth is coming—coming soon; and when it does, Dutch, you will come to my heart with the knowledge that your little wife has forgiven your injustice from the first, that she loves you more dearly than ever."

"You forgive me!" he said, bitterly.

"Yes, the wrong you have done me, Dutch. You have nothing to forgive me but for keeping my secret for your sake."

There was such an air of candor and truth in her countenance that had they been alone he would have clutched her to his breast; but he knew that they were watched by many eyes, and, restraining himself, he said quietly—

"It is enough now. Tell me this—will you, when I return—"

"You're a-going to have on that rope, aint you, Mr. Dutch?" said Rasp, interrupting them.

"Yes. You can get it ready," replied Dutch.

"God bless you for that," whispered Hester, earnestly.

"Now, go back," he said, quietly; "there must be no scene here. You need not be afraid for me. I shall incur no risks now, in the hope that, as you say, you can make all clear between us. You will explain all—everything to me, when I come up."

With a wild look of delight she was about to say yes, when she quailed and shrank away, for at a little distance behind Dutch she saw Laure, apparently busy arranging the rope there around the deck, but evidently hearing all that was said.

"You promise?" said Dutch, sternly.

"Spare me, oh, my darling!" she moaned. "I dare not, oh, I dare not speak."

"What," he whispered, "is this your truth?"

"It is for your sake," she moaned—"for your sake;" and with drooping head she crept away.

"Come, come, little woman," said Parkley, taking her hand; "be firm, be firm: he shall not come to harm."

"Not he, mum, while old Tom Rasp is alive to help," growled the old fellow.

"Perhaps you'd better go below, my dear," said Mr. Parkley.

"No," said Hester, firmly, and drawing herself up; "I shall stay."

"Then you shall, my dear; but," he added, with a smile, "woman for ever! You've won the day. He's going to have the life-rope."

The old doubts, which had been growing fainter, and which would, no doubt, have been entirely swept away by an explanation, came back again at Hester's refusal, and, with a feeling of rage and bitterness, Dutch raised the helmet, placed it upon his head, and signed to old Rasp to come and screw it on.

This the old fellow did, after securing the extra life-line to his belt, but not before Dutch had had a few words with Mr. Parkley as to the management of the dynamite and wires.

The men on the look-out could see no sharks, all being apparently quite clear; and at last, when with hatchet and knife in his belt, and the wheel of the air pump beginning to clank, Dutch moved towards the gangway, trailing after him the long india-rubber tube, there was a loud cheer, and every one leaned over in eager excitement.

"Now to solve the problem, Studwick," said Mr. Parkley, who was evidently excited, and who dabbed his face to get rid of the dripping perspiration. "Is it to be luck or ill luck?"

"That I'll tell you by and by," said the captain, smiling; and, like Mr. Wilson and the doctor, he stood up on the bulwarks to help to keep a good look out for the sharks.

"Now, look here, Mr. Parkley," said Rasp, who had assumed the management, and dictated as if everything belonged to him, "just you place Mr. Jones, the mate, here, with three men to let that there life-line run softly through their hands when it's pulled, and to heave in the slack when it isn't; but when I give the word they're to run it in with all their might—take hold of it, you know, and run along the deck."

Hester Pugh's breath caught, as now, with dilating eyes, she watched her husband, who, as calmly as possible, stepped on to the ladder, and began to descend step by step, till his shoulders were immersed, when he paused for a moment, to alter the way in which the tube hung from his helmet; then Rasp, passing it through his hands, and giving a word or two of advice to the men at the pump, the helmet disappeared beneath the surface, and in place of the hissing noise heard as the air escaped from the valve, there came foaming up a continuous stream of bubbles through the limpid water.

The men gave another cheer, and the Cuban, who had crept round, close to Hester, looked down over the bulwark, full of curiosity to see what would follow.

Down, down, down went Dutch, armed with a small, sharp shovel, made like the ordinary spade of a pack of cards; and so clear was the water that his every motion was perfectly plain to those on deck, as he stepped from the ladder to the bed of the old vessel, and after taking care that the tube should be clear of the ladder, walked slowly between the black ribs of the old galleon towards what had evidently been the stern.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SUBMARINE EXCURSION.

TO those on deck the sight was curious in the extreme; for, foreshortened by the clear medium through which they gazed, the diver seemed like some hideous water goblin, with an enormous head, creeping about on the yellow sand.

But interesting as it was to those on deck, it was perhaps, more so to Dutch, who, as soon as he had assumed his helmet and began to descend, threw on all thoughts of domestic troubles by a strong effort of his will, and feeling that the success or ill-success of the expedition depended upon him, he set to work eagerly to solve the question of the treasure. He had been down too many times to feel nervous, but, all the same, an unwonted tremor, which he ascribed to disease, oppressed him as he slowly went down from round to round; but as he reached the bottom this passed off, and finding that he was well supplied with air, and that all worked well, he began to consider how he should act. This confidence arose in a great measure from the knowledge that both Mr. Parkley and old Rasp were watching over his safety; and, feeling that his knife could be easily drawn from his belt, he began to look about him.

All was beautifully clear; and though the motion of his heavy boots stirred up the sand, it sank down again directly, without thickening the water. A few yards away was the ladder, and above it, with the air tube and two ropes plainly seen running up, was the schooner, casting a dark shadow on the bottom. Even his own shadow was cast beside him, and it seemed as if he were only walking in a medium of thickened air. He could even make out the faces of those gazing over the side, but in a blurred, distorted way, for the bright bubbles of air that ran up in a stream made the water seem heavy overhead, though all around it was clearness itself.

His first thoughts were naturally of the sharks; but he could see nothing to fear, though he had made up his mind if one should attack him to take advantage of its sluggish action, and, instead of trying to escape, thrust boldly at the monster with his knife.

As he was looking about there was a flash of many colors through the water, and then it seemed as if the gold and silver ingots he had come in search of had become animated: for a shoal of fish, whose scales were burnished metal in appearance: suddenly darted about him, coming up close to his helmet as he remained stationary, as if in wonder at his appearance; but on his raising his arm there was a rush, the water quivered for a moment, and, like streaks of the rich metals he sought, they disappeared.

So beautiful was the scene around him—the soft sunshine, the delicious tint of the water, and the long vistas in the distance of wondrous sea growths, which ran up six, twelve, and fourteen feet towards the surface, all aglow with the most lovely tints—that the desire was strong upon him to walk on beyond the portion of the bottom that had been swept by the dynamite, and gaze upon the various natural objects around. But he had sterner work on hand, and set himself to investigate the appearance of the old hull, in whose interior he was.

For he found now that what had seemed short stumps of blackened wood were, some of them, six or eight feet high; and that while the upper portions were encrusted with grey shelly matter, the lower was of an intense black, and they had evidently been forcibly denuded by the sweeping away of the sand.

As he moved forward he gave a twitch or two at the life line to signal all well; and then had to make the signal that he required more air. An increased supply of the life-given stream was forced down directly, and, raising his spade, he began to investigate the bottom more closely. In an instant the bottom seemed to have become alive; for curious flat-fish, whose sides assimilated strangely to the sand in which they lay lay half buried, rose at every step, making little clouds of fine sand, and going off with a peculiar undulating motion, to settle down again, flick the sand and tiny stones over their sides by a peculiar motion of their broad fins, and the next minute they had become invisible.

As to the wreck, there was not much to see beyond the rows of rib timbers on either hand, while where he stood there was nothing but sand, which covered the whole

of the interior, though now, probably, through the explosions, it was in hillocks, with their accompanying depressions.

Knowing that those above must be anxiously watching he thrust the spade down into the bottom, and began to dig slowly and with great excitement, to find that the tool penetrated easily through; and as he raised the sand, and placed it on one side, it softly flowed back again.

"I ought to have brought an iron rod to probe with," he thought to himself, as he gave the spade another thrust down, to find that nothing obstructed him, when he became aware of a dull shock, and he was thrown down; for the water seemed to rush past him with considerable violence.

The next moment there was a violent pull at the life-line, and he was raised from his feet in a most uncomfortable position; and, but for a sudden snatch at his signal cord to signify "All right"—one which he repeated again — he would have been drawn to the surface.

In obedience to his signals, the rope was slackened, but he had hardly recovered himself when it was tightened once more, and but for his vigorious snatch to show that he wanted no assistance, those on the schooner's deck would have drawn him to the surface. He knew well enough now what was the meaning of the concussion, and felt how necessary it was for a diver to be full of the calm nerve and courage of a man ready to battle with difficulties, for his safety depended entirely upon his taking the dangers he encountered in the coolest manner.

The concussion was evidently due to the firing of a dynamite cartridge; but, in spite of this, here was the reason for their trying to draw him to the surface, in the shape of something dim and large, approaching him slowly, and apparently without effort. As he saw it at first coming end on, it seemed to him like some very short, thick fish, but as it neared him and grew more distinct, it swerved off to the right, and his heart beat fast as he saw from its altered position that it was a shark seven or eight feet long.

He signalled again, "More air—all right," and the tightening life-rope slackened as he drew the long, keen-bladed knife from its wooden sheath.

It was a terrible weapon, with a fine point, and about eighteen inches long beyond the handle, while its two edges were ground as sharp as a razor. Armed with this, he awaited the coming of the monster, feeling that he must prove as he looked, a monster asdeadly in his power. For Dutch agreed that to leave the field on this first encounter with one of the creatures that infested these waters was to confess to himself that he was beaten, and morally to consent to a defeat of their project, while could he nerve himself to boldly meet the attack, and so disable his enemy by skillful tactics as to kill it, or compel its retreat, he would give himself so much confidence, and Rasp as well, that they would in the future have little compunction in descending, and scarcely any fear of their dangerous enemies.

"If I fail," he said to himself, bitterly, "well, it is a horrible death; but why should I mind dying? I have nothing to live for now."

"Bah! Dying!" he went on, mastering his trepidation, and feeling a savage energy of will. "I, a man with reasoning powers, with ingenuity enough to help to invent the apparatus by which I can stay down here and meet this creature, with arms in my hand, in his own element. Pooh! it is absurd. I shall—I will do it."

He had plenty of time to think, and he had once more to impatiently signal "All right," for he became aware of the tightening of the life line; while the shark, with its curious, crafty look, undulated by him, its long, unequally lobed tail waving softly as it nearly passed him with the greatest apparent ease, turned, sailed back some little distance, and then turned once more as if to pass him on the other side.

"That is where he has the advantage," thought Dutch, as he saw the ease with which the creature glided along, on about a level with the top of his helmet, and knew, for his own part, what an effort it needed for him to move through the water.

He felt very little alarm now in the excitement of these moments, and, as he watched the shark's manœuvres, he grew more and more determined to make this the test of the future. He had often read of how the South Sea Islanders made no scruple about bathing where there were sharks, and how ready they were to attack them in their own element; while, protected as he was on head, back, neck, and breast by his copper armour and weights, he felt that it would be cowardly to retreat.

"Poor thing! I hope she cannot see me now," he muttered, as for a fleeting moment his thoughts reverted to Hester. Then, with set teeth and knit brows, he waited the coming of the shark, feeling that his most vulnerable point was the air tube, and dreading lest the creature should make a snap at that in passing. For either that or the continuous stream of bright air bubbles had evidently excited its attention, and for a few moments it swam up eight or ten feet, giving Dutch a good view of its white under-portions, and the great gash of a mouth, that seemed as if formed by one cut of a large knife.

The creature came down again, though, directly, in the most leisurely way, gazing full now at the helmet, and, poising itself almost motionless in the water, it remained gazing straight at him, while Dutch awaited the attack.

This was not long in coming, for the shark, after altering its position once or twice, and descending to about the level of the young man's shoulders, made a forward movement, but with no great rapidity; and Dutch gave a sharp signal once more, to insure liberty of action before the shark, as it came gliding through the clear water as it to seize his left arm, rolled softly over on its side, opened its great jaws, which glittered with saw-like teeth, and was in the act of closing them, when, with a thrust like lightning, Dutch buried his knife to the haft between the monster's pectoral fins, which offered a fair mark, dragged it out, and prepared to strike again.

As the blade entered its yielding body, the shark gave a spasmodic jerk, and shot straight up, with the water becoming tinged with a ruddy hue; but turning, it darted down once more, leaving a red trail behind it, and again made to attack.

There was a sudden tightening of the life line, but Dutch met it with the signal, "All right," just before the shark once more approached, turned over to seize him, and again he received the full length of the blade; while, as the monster darted forward and dragged itself free, it was at the expense of so fearful a gash that a cloud of blood darkened the water, the shark struggled feebly for a few minutes, and then floated, belly up, to the surface.

Dutch gave his knife a wave or two through the water to remove the blood, replacing it in his belt, and stood gazing up at the ruddy cloud above his head for a few moments, gave a signal or two with the rope, such as would show them on deck he was unhurt, and stooping down, once more took his spade to try the sand.

It was with a strange feeling of elation that he resumed his task, knowing now, as he did, that by the exercise of ordinary courage a man might readily defend himself from any of these monsters. In fact, so far from feeling alarm now, he was ready to encounter another whenever it might appear; but now the only one in sight was the creature floating far above his head, and more distinctly seen each moment, for the ruddy cloud was becoming rapidly diffused, and the outline of the schooner's hull and the ladder, which had seemed misty and dull, were now well defined and plain to see.

Dutch now began to feel that he must soon ascend once more, but, not wishing to do so without making some discovery, he thrust down the spade here and there, in all directions, but encountered nothing. It was evident that if the treasure was there it must be far below the sand that had gone on accumulating for centuries.

There was one place, though, that he had not tried, and that was the depression scooped out by the dynamite, a spot which he had reserved to the last. Wading here, then—a task which necessitated his passing right under the schooner, and farther from the ladder than he had yet been—he began to examine the surface, and detecting nothing, he thrust down his spade, working it about so as to make it penetrate farther and farther down, but still there was no resistance, and, hot and weary, he was about to give up, when he thought he would try once more.

This he did, thrusting in the spade and forcing it down till his hand was nearly on a level with the sand, and then—Yes! No! Yes! there was a slight obstruction.

He forced it down again, his heart beating painfully the while; for here was the test.

It might be only a copper bolt in the rotten old wood, or a stone. He might have reached the rock below the sand; but a second thought told him that the keel must be eight or ten feet lower, and that the touch was not that of stone or rock. Neither could it be wood. It was either a metal bolt or that of which he was in search.

Dutch forgot now all about the necessity for ascending—his sole thought was the sunken treasure; and, working as vigorously as he could in is cumbersome garments, he shovelled out the sand, though it was a slow and laborious task, as it kept running back into the hole he made.

Still he dug down, more and more, till he had made a fair-sized excavation; when once more thrusting in the spade, he found it checked against something, and his heart sank as he fancied he might have struck upon a bed of old shells. Still he persevered—not that he expected to reach that which he touched, but in the hope that he might reach it more easily, and satisfy himself that he was touching metal.

He was getting quite exhausted, and had already been down far too long. Nothing but the strong desire to have something definite to say kept him toiling on, and at last he unwillingly gave up, when something dark amongst the sand he had thrown out took his attention and, reaching down, he picked up a lump of shells concreted together, and with an impatient gesture he was about to throw them down again, when it struck him that they were uncommonly heavy. To an inexperienced man this would have passed unnoticed, for the difficulty of telling the difference of weight in so dense a medium as the water was not one easily mastered; but Dutch had been down too many times not to have a good idea of such matters, and checking himself just as he was about to throw the mass down, he raised it to the front of his helmet.

Shells, shells, nothing but shells of several kinds, joined together by the calcareous deposit of some kind of sea worm; but, all the same, it was very heavy; and, wrong or right, determining to take the lump up with him, he turned to go under the schooner and reach the ladder.

For, he argued, those little ingots the Cuban had shown them had shelly accretions attached to them, and it was probable that a good deal had been knocked off. At all events, he must ascend now; and going slowly along, placing the piece of concrete in a net pouch at his back, he was in the shadow of the schooner, with its keel nearly above his head, when a peculiar sensation that he knew too well suddenly attached him. His head began to swim, blood seemed to gorge the vessels of his eyes, and a horrible sensation of oppression to attack his chest.

Already exhausted by his too long stay and extra exertion, combined with the nervous excitement of his fight with the shark, he was not master of himself, and in spite of his old experience, he literally lost his head, becoming so unnerved that he sank down upon his knees, forgetting his signal line, and tugging at the helmet to get it from his head.

One drag at that thin cord should have been sufficient to secure help, but it was forgotten, even though he touched it with his hands as they went to his helmet; and, to make matters worse, he was kneeling now out of sight of those on deck, and for the moment all was over. He was blind, for a thick darkness as it were came over him, mentally and bodily, in the intense horror of the moment; but through that darkness flashed scene after scene of the boat, and he saw Hester, looking young and beautiful, gazing pityingly down at him, but without stretching out a hand to save; while, with a smile of triumph upon his countenance, there stood Laure, the bane of his existence. Then came pleasant thoughts of his childish days, mingled with a dull sense of drowsiness that it was impossible to fight against, and then a reaction, as Dutch made a violent effort to reach his feet, but only to sink down prone upon his face.

For though like some gigantic sea worm, the india-rubber tube meandered over the sand, out of the shadow of the schooner into the sunshine, and them straight up towards the surface, the supply of air had been stopped!

CHAPTER XXV.

A CRAFTY FOX.

IT was with a feeling of intense agony that Hester Pugh watched her husband as he stepped on to the ladder, and gradually descended below the surface of the water, and then with beating heart she altered her position, going beyond the others and leaning over the bulwark, so that she could peer down into the clear water, and follow his every motion.

It would have been painful enough if they had parted lovingly, but, with the knowledge that his doubts had been strengthened by her refusal to explain, her position was doubly painful. In bygone days, before their marriage, Dutch had been one of the most successful and daring of divers, more from choice than necessity; but of late he had devoted himself to drawing and making plans, at her desire, though his old love of submarine adventure was strong within him still; and now it almost seemed as if his resumption of his old pursuit had been caused by hatred of her.

For the time being all thought of the hidden peril to which all on board were exposed was swallowed up in the present danger, and, not noticing who was her nearest neighbor, she watched the progress of her husband with the great drops of anguish starting to her forhead. Every movement he made was plainly to be seen by all on board, and when Mr. Meldon first raised the cry of "Shark!" so intense was the interest in the proceedings that no one paid the slightest heed to her. Thus it was, in a state that made her ask herself sometimes whether this was not some wild dream, she saw the bustle on deck accompanying Mr. Parkley's efforts to drive off the unwelcome visitors, of which there were two. A cartridge was thrown, and exploded close to one of them, with the result that it seemed to sink to the bottom, for they saw it no more, while, when the other was seen to be making straight for the diver, the cry arose that he should be drawn up, and, under Rasp's directions, the men were starting the life-line with a run, when

——

"Hold hard!" cried Rasp, "he's a signalling 'All right.'"

"But it is madness!" cried Mr. Parkley and the captain in a breath.

"He's a signalling 'All right,'" cried Rasp, sternly. "You should never touch a diver when he does that. See there," he said.

Rasp quickly pulled the line, so as to tighten it, when the impatient jerk at the signal cord came again.

"Can you see exactly what is going on, Mr. Meldon?" said the captain.

"Yes, quite plainly," was the reply; "he has his knife out, and is going to fight the shark."

Hester had already seen this, and had shrunk aside, covering her eyes with her hands, fearing to listen to the conversation that ensued, as Mr. Meldon described in vivid words what we already know. She heard, too, the various impatient suggestions that Dutch should be drawn up, and in an agony of supplication she prayed that this might take place; but always, till she felt that she hated him with an intensity of dislike, she heard Rasp's harsh voice dominating the others, as, with the sense of responsibility that he had, the diver's life in his hands, he absolutely refused. He was lord of the proceedings, having been invested by Dutch with his duties, and he maintained his position, after nearly yielding two or three times and tightening the life-line.

"There, you may say what you like," he growled, "I know my dooty, and I'm a doing on it. You should never middle with a man as is down till he asks for help—go on with that pumping, my lads, keep it up," he said, interrupting his didactic remarks to admonish the sailors at the air-pump—"cause if you do, you mean well, p'raps, but you only flurries the man, and that's the very thing as you oughtn't to do. Do you know what would make the best divers, Oakum?"

"No," growled that worthy.

"Cowcumbers, 'couse they're so cool. Now, lookye here everybody: he's going on as right as can be. Mr. Dutch keeps on giving the signal 'All right,'" so why should we interfere? I'm master o' this descent, and he sha'n't be interfered with," he said.

"But, you madman, there's a huge shark just going to rush at him!" cried Mr. Meldon, excitedly.

"Then I'm very sorry for the shark," said Rasp, coolly. "Lor' bless you, Mr. Dutch is too much for any shark as can swim. Madman, eh, Mr. Doctor? What would you say to me if I called you a madman for not letting me interfere when you'd got your patient a-going all right, and just because I thought he was in danger? My patient's a-going on all right. There, he says so himself," he continued, as the customary signal passed along the line.

"Rasp is quite right," said Mr. Parkley, who stood there with a cartridge in one hand, the wire in the other, and the battery between his feet. "A diver should never be interfered with."

"There, hear that!" said Rasp, watching the tube where it descended into the water.

"But, look! Good heavens, it is horrible!" said the doctor.

Hester's hands dropped from her face, and she gazed down now, to see a thick cloud of blood rising through the water, shutting out the figure of him she loved; and, white as ashes, with eyes starting and parted lips, but without uttering a word she gazed on

"Well, what o' that?" said Rasp, coolly, as he held the signal-line delicately in his hand, drawing in and slackening out like a man feeling with a ground line. "He's as right as a trivet, and I've felt him all along with the line here, and he's give the shark such a one er. I felt him let go at it."

"I'm afraid it is his own blood," exclaimed Mr. Wilson.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TIME AND SNUFF.—A vast quantity of valuable time is wasted by the votaries of tobacco, especially by the smokers; and that the devotees of snuff are not greatly behind in this respect will be shown by the following singular calculation of Lord Stanhope: Every professed, inveterate, incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances consuming one minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty four minutes out of every natural day or one day out of ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty six and a half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years two entire years of the snuff taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose and two more to blowing it.

A minister in New Cumberland, Ohio, came near making a bad tangle of a wedding one night last week. The first bridesmaid and her escort entered the room, and the latter handed him the license. The minister, supposing that this was the couple to be joined, began the ceremony, and before the young people fairly knew what he was about, came to the words, "I pronounce you." A physician hastily interrupted the proceedings. The bridesmaid fell in a swoon, and her escort remarked grimly that it was almost too close a shave to be pleasant.

SOWN IN TEARS.

BY E. S. E.

Chill the air and hard the ground;
Not one ray of sunlight lieth,
O'er the moor with hollow sound
Moaning low, the cold wind sigheth.
Sower, break the stubborn soil,
Lavish in its furrows heaping,
Cease not from thy patient toil,
Sow the seed and wait the reaping.

Summer sunshine on the hill;
Birds on every green tree singing;
Shouts of joy the soft air fill,
Home the harvest they are bringing.
And the sower on the plain,
His long buried seed now finding,
Mellow heaps of ripened grain
Into golden sheaves is binding.

In the dark and narrow tomb,
Costlier seed we bury weeping,
And enwrapped in quiet gloom,
Leave it to the Master's keeping.
To the end we cannot see,
Faith her heavenly vision lending,
Unto God's supreme decree,
We in meek submission bending.

On our lives a constant chill,
Like on wintry landscape lying,
Ever falls; we trust Him still,
On His faithfulness relying.
Earth shall melt with fervent heat,
Time be but an ended story,
We our buried treasure greet,
Sown in tears, but reaped in glory.

The Second Love.

BY A. L. T.

AND so you will not be my wife, Adele? My heart, then, is not your acceptance. Very well."

"Ah, monsieur, it is impossible; I cannot, for I do not love you—I can never love you—I have never loved you," cried the girl, wringing her hands. "I will tell you all. I met Victor Dubois, I loved him, and I married him without my father's knowledge. He disliked my lover, and when he found it out he discarded me. Victor was poor, but he managed to keep the wolf from the door; and not wishing to have my secret marriage known, my parents declared I was away completing my studies. And in truth I was. I was learning the hard lessons of life. But love kept my heart warm, and when my father died, my mother sent for me to return home. I came, as you saw, yesterday, bringing with me Victor and my babe—a girl. Now, monsieur, you have my story; you know the barrier between us. Will you go, and leave me in peace?"

The handsome face of the man grew dark.

"By my faith, Adele, I am half tempted to have revenge upon you for having trifled so with me! You knew I loved you, and you——"

"Hold!" cried the girl, hastily; "I have never encouraged you, and I know you to be too noble to avenge yourself on me or mine. I know you could have given me gold, but I chose poverty. You say you would give me yourself, but I have Victor. Adieu, monsieur, and forget Adele for ever."

"I shall never forget my first love," he said, and turning, he walked rapidly away.

Two days later a ship bore John Wentworth to his old home, there to comfort the few remaining years of his widowed mother.

From her little window Adele saw the vessel plunge out of the quiet harbor into the deeper waters of the ocean, but not a tear rose to her eye; for Victor's arm was around her, and his babe cried in its cradle.

John had desired Adele happiness. Well, it was short-lived at best.

Ill health and death came to Victor, and Adele was left with poverty staring her in the face.

"I will go abroad," she said, when her aged mother was called to her rest, "and earn my living; and before I leave I will give my babe to whosoever will care for it."

Adele's determination flew round the little village; and one evening a stranger knocked at the door.

"I have come for the child," a voice said. "I will give her wealth and a good home. May I have her?"

Adele looked up. She saw before her a tall slender form, half hidden beneath a thick gray cloak. The face before her was an honest one; she could see that, for it was unveiled; and when a chance breath of wind sweeping through the room blew aside the outer covering she caught a glimpse of a shimmering silken robe. Then she no longer hesitated, but, unclasping the baby fingers from her own, silently laid the little one in the embrace of the stranger.

"I may starve, but my babe must not," she said. "Only let her life be a pure one, and God will bless you."

"May God deal with me as I deal with her," said the stranger, solemnly. "We leave France to-morrow. You are to go soon, I hear. Our destination may be the same."

"England!" cried Adele, joyfully. But the stranger and the child had gone.

* * * * * * *

The great actress, Madame Dethu, sat in her private dressing room, engaged in earnest conversation with the stage manager.

"I tell you, sir, it shall never be! I love my profession well enough to die for it, if need be, but my child shall never follow in my steps. It would never do. She could not avoid the many temptations which beset the path of every young actress; and, as I promised her mother her life should be a pure one, would I place her on the boards if I would keep my word? No, sir. You do not know Lucy; even I do not understand her. But I adopted her when an infant, and I have tried to bring her up worthy of that fair young mother, who crushed down all her inward longings that her child might be benefitted. Lucy is now in her fifteenth year, and has never yet seen the inside of a theatre; neither does she dream she is other than my child. I have only told you the secret that you might better understand my motive for keeping her growing beauty away from the footlights."

Madame Dethu reasoned correctly, and the path she had marked out for Lucy was a good one.

But, despite the kindness of her benefactress, she did not choose to walk therein.

Madame Dethu provided the best of masters for her; but Lucy took no notice and refused to study.

Then, as if to add to the good lady's troubles, she fell in love with a man old enough to be her father, who was a member of the company to which madame belonged.

Walking with Lucy one day they met Henry Adaine.

The young girl, struck with his fine bearing, sought an introduction, and, on discovering his profession, gave madame no peace until she had carried her within the forbidden walls of the theatre to witness his triumphs.

Night after night found Lucy in the same seat, wild with excitement and a longing for the love of this man.

Henry Adaine found he could play better when that dark, brilliant face beamed upon him.

To be sure, he was many years her senior; but he grew to love her, and when an engagement was consummated between them he fancied himself on the heights of bliss.

Suddenly Lucy became moody and tearful, seemingly brooding over some trouble; and when madame, in dismay, turned to her asking an explanation, Lucy surprised her with a burst of tears, and a low cry for "mother," from whom she had been taken when a babe.

Astonished, madame sought to pacify her.

"You are mine," she said. "Why notice idle tales repeated by careless servants?"

But Lucy, rushing to a hidden drawer, pulled from its depths an infant's robe.

"Look!" she cried, "this is what I wore when you took me from my mother's arms. I was but a babe, and my home was in France. How do I know? Why, my nurse told me. I came across this dress, and I made her tell me its history. See! it has Z. D. embroidered on the front. Those are the initials of my rightful name, for I am not Lucy Dethu. Alas! who am I, and where is my own dear mamma?"

Poor madame wrung her hands in despair.

"Ah, me!" she sobbed, "I do not know. I named you, I cared for you, and this is the return I get. My child, do not scorn me! Your mother asked gold for you, and I could give it. Are you not satisfied?"

"Satisfied!" retorted Lucy passionately, tearing her hair; and she was carried shrieking to her room.

The physician, when summoned, shook his head, saying:

"It is very necessary that some tidings of her mother should be procured."

Madame, in despair, took Henry Adaine into her confidence. He expressed surprise on learning Lucy was not her own daughter, but vowed constancy, let her parents be what they might.

He at once recommended her removal to a neighboring town, to be placed under the care of a celebrated physician lately settled there.

He asked Lucy's consent, gaining which, he made himself ready to accompany her at once to her destination, knowing nothing of the place except by hear-say.

He found a tiny cottage embossed among green hills, and the air of neatness and simplicity which surrounded it charmed him.

He discovered its owner to be an intelligent, well bred man, who examined into Lucy's case with interest and kindness. He then called his wife.

What was there in that dark-browed woman that caused the heart of Henry Adaine to beat so violently? He took two steps forward, then paused.

"Adele Dubois!" he said.

A sweet voice answered him.

"I was Adele Dubois, but am now Adele Benton, wife of the gentleman beside you; and you are John Wentworth."

Then there was a long pause, during which the lady regarded Lucy with more than ordinary interest.

What was she to her old love? His wife or child? What was it about the small pleading face which so won upon her sympathy? She called her three little girls into the room, to become acquainted with the shy stranger.

Lucy took no notice of them, but sat looking intently at Adele, while her companion was relating her sad story. Slowly a change passed over the lady's face; she gave a sharp cry, which was immediately answered by Lucy, who clung to her passionately.

"Tell me you are my mother!" she sobbed. "It must be. I have your eyes, your hair, your very look, almost. Oh, do not break my heart! Tell me you are my lost mother."

"I am!" cried Adele, passionately. "You are not Lucy Dethu, but Zanette Dubois, my Victor's beloved babe. Mary, Jane, Margaret, welcome your sister! My husband, I have found my long lost child! Tell her she is welcome."

The good doctor received the girl with outstretched arms. Adele was his idol, and her joy was his. So Lucy, no longer opposed to the good madame who had so tenderly cared for her all the years of her young life, caused her to be sent for.

And while the three little girls eagerly clung to their newly-found sister and her wealthy foster-parent, their mother stole away with John Wentworth to talk over the times of long ago.

"I came to England," said Adele, "and went out to service, bitterly regretting having given my idol into the keeping of a stranger whose name, even, I did not know. But I could not help hoping God would let me meet her some day, as He has done. From service Dr. Benton took me and married me. We have three little girls—four, now that God has given me my Zanette; and now we are all so happy. And you, John—what is my child to you?"

"As dear as her mother once was," he said, smiling down into her untroubled face. "When I left you, Adele, life held no sweetness for me. My mother died, and having a taste for the stage, I resolved to follow it, although I had wealth enough and could have lived idle all my life. I took the name of Henry Adaine, and met your daughter and loved her. She is a strange girl, Adele—as wayward as you were when you married Victor Dubois—and her face has always reminded me of someone whom I have vainly tried to recall. I love her as I do my life, Adele, and, although many years her senior, I beg you will not say me nay, as you did when last I saw you."

Why should she when she was so happy, and he so satisfied? At any rate, she did not say him nay, neither did Lucy reject the lover of her mother.

AS THEY AVERAGE.

THE average boy believes that he may be happy when he is a man and can do as he likes; the average man finds that he cannot do as he likes and sighs to think he was not aware of the fact when he was a boy.

The average maiden imagines that most husbands are indifferent to their wives and that a wife may keep a man a lover until he is old enough to die; the average wife finds it about all she can do to bear and train her children, cook, wash, sew, keep her house in "half-decent order," and twice a year visit her mother who lives six miles away. The average teacher imagines that never yet was one so tried as he nor had a harder lot and endured it better. The average parent of the average scholar thinks that in some things the present teacher might be improved on. The average spinster believes that nobody but herself knows just how to bring up children; while the aged grandmother realizes that most people have to bring up at least two before they can know how to bring up one properly. The average man or woman who has never had the care of children wonders "how people can have their houses so cluttered up and budgets in every chair," and they imagine that a person's bump of order must be small indeed who cannot successfully manage by moral suasion any five ordinary boys and girls. Those who love and have the care of children know that they are not like grown people, but must have both playthings and pets and physical as well as mental exercise, even though there may be a budget in every chair, and muddy footprints on the floor. So it comes to pass that on an average each is happy in his own conceit and would not change himself, his views, and his lot in life with any man.

S. A. M. Moss.

A STRANGE DECORATION.—An American lady appeared in an English drawing-room, wearing as an ornament a live beetle. The beetle, which was an inch and a half long, was gold-rimmed by nature, and around it the jeweler had fastened a gold ring with a chain, at the end of which was a pin. This being attached to a large satin rosette, the brilliant creature had a fine little field to wander over and display its attractions. The lady took it off that it might pass from hand to hand so that all might know that it was a live beetle. She said the scarabæus had been in her possession for six months and during that time it had neither eaten nor drank anything, though refreshment was often offered. It seemed to live on air and its health was perfect. It may be that the Egyptians who ascribed so much sanctity to the scarabæus, had observed its ability to live without earthly food.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

FOX HOUNDS.—No less than 168 separate packs of fox hounds are maintained in Great Britain and Ireland—141 in England and Wales, 8 in Scotland and 19 in Ireland—numbering between them 6,000 couples of hounds. The largest pack is the Duke of Beauford's with their headquarters at Badminton, in Ware, where 78 couples are maintained every season, hunting five days a week.

DRUMS IN CHINA.—Drums are used in China to give the hour at night, to announce persons desiring audience, at some palaces, and for many other purposes as well as for music. The Chinese also sometimes muffle their drums (in all religious ceremonies which take place in the presence of the Emperor) effecting this not in our manner, but by covering the instrument with ornamented draperies of cloth, which absorb part of the sound.

WALK YOUR CHALKS.—A very simple explanation of this expression may be given. It originated in England, where, sometime certain ale house frequenters, when they have been drinking long enough to make a boast of being sober, and to dispute the point with each other, will chalk a line straight on the ground, and then endeavor, one after the other, to walk upon it without swerving to the right or left. Those who succeed are adjudged to be sober—that is, to have "walked their chalks," and are thus in a condition to leave the place.

KILLING A WILDCAT.—An old but well-meaning deacon in a New York town recently captured and executed a favorite dog belonging to a neighbor, and which had been in the habit of paying him nightly visits. The owner of the dog learning its fate, asked the good man why he did it. The Deacon replied that he mistook it for a wild-cat. The body of the dog, which was black, and resembled a wild-cat about as much as it resembled a mule, was found tied to a bush, where it had been shot. The old gentleman was asked why he tied it up if he thought it was a wildcat, and replied that he tied it up because he was afraid of it. The interrogator remarked that hunters rarely tied wildcats up to shoot them, and then returned to his bereaved family.

HAIR CLOTH.—Hair cloth is made from the hair of horses' tails, which is brought, some of it from South America, but more from Russia. In the latter country it is collected at the great national fairs. It is of all shades and color, and for use it is dyed black. The poorest quality sells for fifty cents a pound; the best for four dollars, the price rapidly increasing as the length exceeds twenty four inches. In the fabrication of hair cloth, the hair is wet with water, and when well soaked is put on the loom to be woven with a cotton warp. The weaving mechanism is so perfect in its operation that if one of the hairs forming the weft is missed, the device acting upon it continues to work until it has grasped it, all the other parts of the machine standing still.

FOUNDING A DUCAL HOUSE.—James Sforza, the father of Francis, the first Duke was the founder of the house of Sforza, which gave six dukes to Milan and was allied with almost every sovereign in Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He was born in 1369. His father, according to tradition, was a day laborer, and to others a shoemaker, but probably wrought as both. Perceiving some soldiers pass he was struck with the desire of bearing arms. "I will go," said he to himself, "and dart my hatchet against that tree, and if it stick fast in the wood I will immediately become a soldier." The hatchet stuck fast, and because he threw the axe with all his force, he assumed the supposed fortunate name of Sforza, or Powerful.

PHILOPENA IN GERMANY.—The German method of managing the pleasant play of philopena is as follows: When a couple meet after eating philopena together, no advantage is taken of the other until one of them pronounces the word "philopena." This is the warning—now the sport is to begin. Let us suppose that a gentleman calls upon a lady. She invites him to walk in and at the same time speaks the talismanic word. If he accepts the offer to walk in he is lost, unless she removes the ban by telling him to go away. If she asks him to take off his hat he must resolutuely keep it on; if to be seated, he must stand: or if at the table she should hand him any article which he accepts, she wins the forfeit. During all this time he endeavors to take her by surprise, for the acceptance of any offer by the other wins the game. Both are constantly exercising their wits to prevent being caught, and the sport goes on all the evening. Perhaps the gentleman brings a little present and says: "Knowing that I shall lose my philopena, I have brought it along—here it is." If she is caught off her guard by the smooth speech she loses, for he immediately claims the forfeit. If neither wins at the first meeting the sport is continued to the second, and it may happen that half a dozen parties meet at the same time, all anxious to win of their philopena partners, so that the scene often becomes ludicrously amusing.

LOVE.

Love? I will tell thee what it is to love.
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
Where Time seems young and Life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine,
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss,
Above the stars in shroudless beauty shine,
Around the streams their flowery margin kiss,
And if there is heaven on earth, that heaven is this.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XL.

ON the west side of the park about a mile from the castle, was a small garden, known as "My Lady's Garden." It was perfectly secluded, and hedged in from prying eyes on every side by a great wall of laurel. Throughout all England there was said to be no such laurel hedge as this. Thick, green and shining, and growing to a height of thirty feet or more, it encompassed the garden like a glossy rampart, shutting out the world.

In this secluded place, two days after the death of Lady Crehylls, the children sat together. The nurse had thought that Miss Lydia ought not to be seen in the park, but in this quiet spot she might breathe the air unseen by the world, and forget her grief for a moment in the sunshine.

On the first day of her loss the child had wept in such terrible agony, that even in this short while her cheek had grown pale, and her rounded form had shrunk. Changed thus, there was a stranger, sadder likeness between her and the little Alfred Singleton; the kinship of sorrow was on their faces now.

The children sat on a grassy bank, Lydia with her lap full of flowers, which she arranged silently in a wreath, the little quivering lip and the quiet tears, which fell slowly, telling whither her thoughts wandered; Alfred, on his bended knees beside her, cut the flowers the desired length, watching her the while in such awed curiosity and pity, that when he spoke his voice uttered itself in whispers.

"The wreath is for mamma," said Lydia; "papa told me to make it for her; she always loved flowers."

"I think heaven is full of flowers," answered Alfred. "Don't cry any more, Lydia. God won't send your mamma down from heaven if you cry ever so bitterly. When I was little, I used to cry a great deal; but I know better now."

"Why did you cry when you were little?" asked Lydia.

"I was so sorrowful," he answered. "I cried first to go home, when I woke up and found myself in a strange place. My own room had a marble floor and a high ceiling with angels on it. I used to dream about them often when I was little, and fancy they came down and kissed me; but the room I was in now, after I fell into the sea, was very ugly and dark. I was so frightened when I looked around, and saw how lonely and big it was. After that I can't remember anything for a long while. Then it seemed to me I woke again, very thin and white, and too weak even to cry, and my father came to me, and asked him if I recollected him. But his face was quite strange to me, and I told him so; but he was so angry when I said this, that I never dared say it again. 'It is only the fever you have had makes you fancy me a stranger,' he said. 'Mind that boy, and never let me hear such nonsense again.'"

"How very curious," said Lydia, "that in a fever you should forget your father's face."

Alfred gazed at her with bewildered eyes, very earnest and inquiring.

"Do you think so?" he asked. "My father told me, too, that I had never slept in a room with angels looking down upon me; it was only a dream in the fever, and I ought to forget it. But if that be true, there were many other dreams which came too, I suppose in my illness, but which I can't forget."

"Were they pretty dreams?" asked Lydia, with intense curiosity.

"I can't tell you," replied Alfred, sorrowfully, "when I try to put them into words, they fly away. They come sometimes like pictures, when I am half-sleeping, half-waking; but if I rouse myself to think of them, they break in pieces, and I see only the great cold school-room, the desks and forms, and Mr Whalley's cruel face. It was when my father left me at his school, that I cried worst of all; there too I left off crying. We had no garden, no quiet place to cry in; the boys, when they first came, used to lean their heads upon their desks and cry there, but they soon left off. We all got too desperate, I think, for crying. Sometimes the bigger boys would talk together of revenging themselves on Mr. Whalley; but the moment they caught a glimpse of his face, they were frightened and quiet. Oh, he is such a wicked, cruel man! I hate to remember him."

Lydia's tears remained suspended in her eyes as she listened to this history of woes and terrors, of which her happy childhood knew nothing.

"Never mind him now," she said. "He can't come here; you will never see that wicked Mr. Whalley again."

But as if her words had conjured him from the deep, Alfred's eyes at that moment became fixed upon his face. Terror stricken and mute, he seized Lydia's arm, and pointed between the roots and branches of the laurels out into the park. And there, crawling slowly along the road, she saw a lean half starved horse, a tall, yellow gig, and a man with a hard face, and fierce eyes, who peered to the right and left, as with deliberate strokes he plied his whip on the lean steed's back.

Seated as they were on the bank, the children were just on a level with that portion of the laurel hedge, the twisted roots and trunks, through which alone it was possible to get a glimpse of the park; but Mr. Whalley, on the other hand, could see nothing of the garden, as his vision of course fell on the thickest part of the green wall.

"He is come for me," whispered Alfred, with pale lips. "Oh, Lydia, what shall I do?"

"Papa won't let him take you," returned the child, bravely; "and we'll set the dogs at him."

But, young as he was, the little Alfred had learned in a sharp school of misery to estimate character, and he knew instinctively that Lord Crehylls would give him up.

"Your mamma would not let that wicked man take me away,—but your papa will," he said, as he clasped his hands tightly together. "Lydia, I won't go with him,—I'll die first. Good-bye. I'll run away before he gets to the castle."

The little resolute face, so full of mingled terror and courage, bent towards hers, and kissed her; and then Lydia, letting her flowers fall, seized him with both hands.

"He'll overtake you if you run away," she said eagerly. "Better hide till he is gone. I know a hollow tree in the park; and if you creep in there, he'll never, never find you; and in the evening, when he is gone, I'll come and tell you; then you can stay with me again, and we'll be brother and sister always. Isn't that better than saying good-bye? And, besides, he'll be sure to catch you if you run away."

"But if they ask you questions, Lydia, and frighten you, you will be obliged to tell where I am," said Alfred.

"Shall I?—no, never!" returned the little creature, resolutely. "If you are sure I won't tell, will you wait in the tree till I come to you?"

"Yes, I promise you that, Lydia," he answered.

"Then I'll be cut in pieces before I tell," she cried. "Come quickly and I'll show you the tree."

She seized his hand, and together they ran out of the tall gates which shut in the quiet garden, and then went swiftly down a deep dell in the park beyond, where the trees soon hid them from sight.

Meanwhile the yellow gig with the worn-out horse had crept on towards the castle, it still having three-quarters of a mile to go when its hideous vision had fallen on the children's frightened eyes. Mr. Whalley, moreover, being of a cringing and vulgar nature, was overawed by the great park and the big castle; hence he ceased to hurry the movements of the wretched animal that called him master. In fact, he was beginning to quail at the thought of finding himself face to face with the owner of Castle Crehylls. There were unpleasant memories connected with this name still seething in that caldron, his heart; and unless some very strong motive had drawn him, he would not willingly have traveled this road. But he trusted to time, and above all to the respectability around him now, to defeat all prying eyes; so, grimly smiling, he gathered up his courage, and driving to the door of Castle Crehylls, he laid his gaunt hand upon the bell. The servant who replied to the summons scanned the yellow gig with some contempt, but stood silent while Mr. Whalley delivered himself of his name and his business.

"It is far from my wish to trouble his lordship at such a sad time," said Mr. Whalley; "therefore, if you will mention that I am come for the boy who ran away from my school about three weeks ago, and who I have ascertained is here, perhaps he will give you orders to deliver him up to me; and in that case there will no necessity for me to intrude further on his lordship."

Without any comment, and bearing Mr. Whalley's card with him, with the precise amount of disrespect it merited, the servant retired, quickly returning to say that Lord Crehylls would see Mr. Whalley.

Ushered into the library, he found that helpless nobleman vainly striving to forget his anguish in the pages of Hobbes and Brown.

"Take a seat, Mr. Singleton," he said; "you are come for little Lanyon, I hear."

"Lanyon!" repeated Mr. Whalley, and his hard face took a strangely ashen hue: "I know no one of that name. I am come, my lord for a boy called Alfred Singleton, a child of a strangely perverse disposition, whom his father—he has no mother—has intrusted to my care. My own name, my lord, is Whalley."

His voice quavered slightly as he spoke, and he glanced round the room in a hurried suspicious way.

"I beg your pardon," said Lord Crehylls; "I remember now the boy told me his name was Singleton, but I imagined he was related to the Lanyons—that is, to the family of my brother's widow, the Dowager Lady Crehylls."

Mr. Whalley's face was ashen white now, and his nerveless hands fell down by his side.

"I know nothing of that lady, or of her family, my lord," he said. "The boy Singleton has no relatives in England, and his father is quite of an inferior station. Perhaps your lordship will be good enough to order a servant to bring the child to me at once. Here is his guardian's, Mr. Singleton's letter, desiring that he may be given into my charge."

"I assure you," he said, "Lady Crehylls never anticipated your coming hither for the child, and I doubt if she would have yielded him into your hands."

A spasm passed over his face as he mentioned his wife's name, and for a moment his voice was choked, when he went on in a clear voice.

"I have no doubt she knew all about the boy, or she would not have taken him as she did. I never asked her anything; I left all things to her; but I certainly understood it was her intention to send him on to Penkivel in a few days, when he had rested, and therefore I naturally concluded he was in some way connected with the Lanyons. And—and, with your permission I should prefer carrying out my wife's wishes; then if Lady Crehylls of Penkivel chooses to give the child into your charge, I shall have nothing to say against it."

Lord Crehylls continued to twist the letter between his fingers as he spoke, while all the grief and agitation he repressed showed plainly on his pale face that any other man except Mr Whalley would have pitied him.

"Considering that I have Mrs. Singleton's express commands to take her ward back to my school at Exeter," observed the schoolmaster, "I do not see how I can possibly accede to your lordship's request, as it appears to me the journey to Penkivel would be useless expense and trouble. I can assure you, my lord, on my own certain knowledge, Lady Crehylls has not the shadow of a claim to interfere between Mrs. Singleton and her ward, the boy being in no way either known or related to the Lanyons."

The utterence of this name seemed to scorch Mr. Whalley like the searing of a red hot iron, for his face burst into a perspiration, as he spoke it, and he wiped his brow with a shaking hand. Lord Crehylls, however, did not notice him: his thoughts were with his dead wife—with her whose watchful love had, even to the last day of her life, taken all trouble from off his helpless hands.

"I cannot express to you," he said, "how obliged I shall feel if you will nevertheless let the boy go to Penkival. Lady Crehylls wished it, and I am sure you can understand how much any wish of hers——" He broke down here, then recovered himself, laying his hand feebly upon his book, and going on in a lower voice—"any wish of hers must weigh with me now. And although you assure me there is no relationship between the little Singleton and the Lanyon family, I am inclined to think there must be some strong friendship or other tie between his family and hers, otherwise——"

"Your lordship is mistaken," interruped Mr. Whalley. "Mrs. Singleton would have told me so had such been the case."

"But there is no objection to the child's going to Penkivel," persisted Lord Crehylls. "The journey shall be no expense or trouble to you. I will give orders to have a carriage got ready, and my servant shall drive you and the boy down there together."

"My lord, you are very good," said Mr. Whalley, wiping the perspiration again from his face, "and I am grieved I cannot accept your proposition; but Mrs. Singleton's letter expressly forbids it. If you will take the trouble to read her words, you will see they are very peremptory."

Again Lord Crehylls twisted the letter in his fingers, and at length exerted himself to read the few sharp lines, in which Mrs. Singleton desired that her run-away brother and ward, if he had taken refuge at Crehylls, should be delivered up to his schoolmaster, Mr. Whalley."

The decisive tone of the letter conquered the dreamy bookworm to whom it was addressed. Poor Lord Crehylls! Had he lived to these days of examinations, he would certainly have passed for anything and everything; but he had not a single quality by which the battle of life can be fought or won.

"I certainly wished," he said, weakly yielding the point, "to send the child to Penkivel; but since his guardians desire otherwise, I do not see that I can interfere further."

"Certainly not, my lord," said Mr. Whalley. "Will you permit me to ring, and desire that the boy may be brought to me?"

But when this was done, and the servant had received his orders, there followed a long pause, during which Lord Crehylls dived into the thickest metaphysics, emerging with a great effort to be courteous to the schoolmaster, then plunging again, for a very few happy minutes, dulling his mind to the pain of knowing himself lonely, bereaved, and helpless.

"The little gentleman is not to be found anywhere, my lord," said the servant, appearing at the door with a frightened countenance.

At this news Mr. Whalley started up with livid face and suppressed rage. In any other place, or other presence, he would have shown himself the fiend he was; but here, he felt obliged to restrain himself.

Lord Crehylls closed his book in great annoyance.

"Not to be found!" he exclaimed. "Do you know, Grylls, for whom I am asking?"

"For the young gentleman, whom my lady brought home with her, my lord, about a week ago," returned Grylls. "We have searched the house and the gardens, my lord, but we can't find him. Mrs. Richards thinks he has run away again."

Mrs. Richards was the nurse.

"Send Mrs. Richards and my daughter to me," said Lord Crehylls.

"The servants are all in a conspiracy!" burst forth Mr. Whalley. "They have hidden the boy themselves, but they had better take care what they are about. I am not a man to be trifled with."

During this speech, Grylls, who was an old man, grey and bent, fixed his eyes earnestly on Mr. Whalley's hard features, an expression of bewilderment and fear gradually overspreading his face. Then, without a word, he backed to the door, went out, and closed it softly.

"If ghosts walked and talked, I should say he was a ghost," muttered Grylls as he crossed the hall; "But there! that's nonsense. Buried men don't rise again."

Mrs. Richards had been questioned and dismissed. She took the children to the garden, and left them there; the little boy as he had not seen since. Miss Lydia had returned to the house alone. This was the substance of her evidence.

"Then, my pretty little miss," said Mr. Whalley, in his most fawning tone, "you know all about it, don't you? You'll tell me where the boy is gone."

"I shall tell nothing," returned Lydia, resolutely. "You are a cruel, wicked man. Alfred has told me so. And I should be very wicked too if I helped you to find him."

Mr. Whalley tried to smile at this language, but he failed in the effort, and ground his teeth together to keep down his rising rage.

"Alfred Singleton is a lying, bad boy; and I see he has made you as naughty as himself."

"Sir," observed Lord Crehylls, "I prefer to rebuke my daughter myself when she merits it; and I will question her myself also, if you please."

Cringing instantly like a beaten hound, Mr. Whalley sat uneasily on the edge of his chair, gnawing his fingers in silence. Then Lord Crehylls, in a futile, perplexed way, proceeded to question his little daughter; but Lydia was true to her trust. She who has never heard a word of unkindness or felt a blow, is fearless as a lion, and rarely indeed untruthful. Thus without any evasion she continued to answer, in the softest of little flute-like voices, that she had promised not to tell; and therefore wondered with small, dignified surprise, how her father could suppose it possible that she would break her word.

Lord Crehylls was puzzled. The chivalry, the honor, the truth, and courage that live, or should live, in gentle blood, shone in the brave eyes of his little daughter, as she looked him trustfully in the face; and he was proud of her steadfastness, and glad that neither threats nor promises had shaken it.

"I do not see that I can do anything further, sir," he said, turning to Mr. Whalley. "Since my little girl has made such a promise, I cannot oblige her to break it."

If Mr. Whalley could have fulfilled his own desires at that moment he would have roasted the child at a slow fire till she divulged the truth: but not being able to glut his rage, he could only say, with his face at a white heat, that he considered Miss Crehylls was bound to tell where Alfred Singleton was.

"He is my friend," cried the little Lydia, with her cheeks all aflame. "Mamma told me to be his friend; and she told me, too, always to keep a promise. I won't disobey mamma, now she has gone to heaven. I love mamma, and will always try to obey her while I live; but I hate wicked men, who kill poor little children, as ogres do, and I shall never do anything that they tell me."

Her eyes flashing with a generous fire, she confronted Mr. Whalley with a bravery which he longed to wrench out of her heart

with a cruel hand. But she was the Lord Crehylls' daughter; she was as far out of his reach as the stars, so he could only cringe again, steadying his nether lip with teeth set firmly on it.

"I perceive my lord," said he, "that this runaway pupil of mine has added falsehood and slander to his other misdeeds. I shall spare him no more. I confess now that he is a thief. He has stolen money and jewels from my house—this was the cause of his flight—and doubtless he has his plunder with him."

He glanced at Lydia as he spoke. The child remained steadfast, but she turned very pale. To her innocence, guarded as it was by an atmosphere of purity, honor and gentleness, the idea of theft was appalling. Dwelling among a simple people, where the sin was and is rare, the thought brought a horror with it scarcely comprehensible perhaps to a city child, to whose mind the crime would not be so dim, so shadowy, so unfamiliar.

"You are making a grave accusation, sir," observed Lord Crehylls. "Are you prepared to sustain it?"

"I grieve to say I am, my lord," replied Mr. Whalley; "and I grieve further that in the cause of justice I feel compelled to seek the nearest magistrate and to demand a warrant for the apprehension of Alfred Singleton. I fear, my lord, that the officers will search Castle Crehylls."

He glanced furtively at the meek dreamer whom he thus threatened, but he, lost in his own grief, scarcely appeared to understand him.

"Search Castle Crehylls!" he repeated. "Ah yes, but the servants say they have looked for the boy everywhere. At any other time sir, you should be welcome to search with them, but really now—when—what Lady Crehylls——"

He could not finish the sentence, but looked dreamily out upon the sunny lawn, with a thick mist of tears rising to his eyes.

"Then I take my leave my lord, understanding that you prohibit any further search," said Mr. Whalley, rising; "and I must of course take my own means to recover the little villain, who has robbed me."

Steadfastly regarding him still, Lydia laid her hand upon her father's arm, and pointed with the other to Mr. Whalley's face.

"He looks like the picture of Crook-backed Richard, who killed the children in the Tower," she whispered. "Do not believe a word he says, papa; Alfred is no thief. The man is a thief and a murderer himself; he beat one poor boy to death not long ago."

Each word of her childish whisper fell upon Mr. Whalley's ear, withering every semblance of manhood from out his face; thus it happened, that when Lord Crehylls turned his eyes on him, he saw, as in a mist, a dreadful mask, portraying abject fear and hatred; and behind this mask there gleamed upon the dreamy nobleman a face, which vanished ere the sight had time to fix it in the memory. Yet when Mr. Whalley had bowed himself to the door, and had departed from the castle with an unspoken curse upon his lips, some shadowy remembrance of that face flitted still before the dreamy eyes of the sorrow-stricken Lord Crehylls.

CHAPTER XLI.

IT was not until the morning that Madame Silvia glanced at the note which the Duke de Briancourt had placed within the flowers. When she read it, she grew first thoughtful, then contemptuous; but her scorn did not prevent her from dressing herself to the utmost advantage to receive him, neither did it hinder her hand from trembling, as she held it out to greet him on his arrival. The duke spoke English, French, and Italian, equally well. A Russian has the gift of tongues, and masters a foreign language with wonderful facility. He addressed Madeline in English, and for a short time conversed only on common topics. Then suddenly he changed his language to Italian, and with it his manner also.

"Madeline," he said, "I have loved you too long to play a farce like this. I cannot converse on indifferent subjects. Tell me, do you agree to my proposal?"

Madame Silvia's face grew white to the lips as he asked this question, and there flashed into her eyes an indescribable look of hatred and scorn; yet she answered him in a quiet tone of perfect civility and self-possession.

"I certainly do not feel myself at liberty to accept it, duke."

"May I ask your reasons?" he demanded, as a dusky flush swept over his thin cheeks.

"Why should I tell you my reasons?" she returned. "Am I not at liberty to refuse or accept, as I please?"

"No," said he, savagely; "I allow you no such liberty, except at the cost of destruction to all your long-fostered schemes of vengeance against the woman you hate."

"Do you threaten me?" asked Madame Silvia, in her softest voice. "This is a new way of making love."

"Neither my love nor my threats are new to you," returned the duke, grasping his chair nervously. "In Naples you took advantage of my infatuation to make a tool of me. I was a poor man at that time, and you offered me bribes; but I told you then as I tell you now, that I claim your love only—and this I demand as my right, Madeline Sylvester, you shall keep your promises to me, or I will let Maurice Pellew know wherefore, and in what I was your accomplice. You see I read easily the dearest secret of your heart."

As he said this, with his fierce eyes fixed on her moodily, the blood rushed in a crimson flood to her face, neck and bosom, leaving her as it hurried back to her heart, white as marble.

"I have touched you there," said the duke, smiling triumphantly; but in his triumph there was mingled so much pain, so much bitterness for himself, that, unable to bear the sight of her emotion, he turned away and set his teeth firmly together.

Madeline seemed more fearful of the duke's jealousy than his love. Perhaps she feared the latter only for herself, and the first for Maurice.

"You are right," she said, mournfully. "Your words have touched me; but not for the cause you think. Am I a woman who could dare to love a good man? Maurice Pellew can never be anything to me. Your threat agitated me because if you fulfilled it, you would destroy all I live for—justice."

"Is not your thirsty heart satiated yet?" returned the duke. "Lord Crehylls is dead, and his wife a widow and childless. Is not that enough?"

His voice had a strange ring in it; and their eyes met—his smiling, hers dry and fierce.

"Enough!" she said. "You use the word, who do not know my wrongs. Nothing I can make her suffer will ever equal the anguish she has heaped on me."

With her hand upon her heart as though some sudden pang had seized it, she started up and paced the room hurriedly. The duke watched her with eyes that seemed to devour the grace of her movements, and the wonderful beauty of her face.

"Madeline," he said softly, "forgive me. It is only when I am jealous that I lose my senses and threaten you. Believe me, I will not betray you. Only promise me that you will never give Maurice Pellew your love."

"Why should I bestow on him a gift that would be a curse?" she cried, turning on him fiercely. "I would tear the beauty out of my face with my own hands, rather than let my miserable heart love Maurice Pellew."

The duke did not perceive that the woman who could say this had already given her love; he saw only that his rival had no better chance than himself, and his jealousy was appeased.

"Enough!" he said eagerly. "I want no more assurances. I know you were still almost a child when you were going to take this man, this Pellew for your husband; and I have no doubt if ever you had any love for him it long since died out of your heart."

"I killed it," returned Madeline, looking him in the face, "when I married Thomas Singleton. Yes, you are right—it is dead; it can never rise again to torment me, and show me what I have done, and what I have lost, for the sake of justice."

"Then, Madeline," cried the duke, eagerly, "why not accept my love, my tenderness, my life-long devotion?"

"Are you asking me to be your wife," said Madeline, in a calm tone.

"No, but I am praying you to let me be your slave," replied the duke. "You know that in a Russian village there lives a simple, ignorant woman who calls me her husband. While she lives I cannot offer you marriage, Madeline."

"But you can refrain from insulting me," she responded, in the same calm way; "not that I care, for your words make no more impression on my mind than a snowflake does on the sea."

"Say the icy sea, and the simile will be more perfect," added the duke; "but do not rave of insults. Had not Lord Crehylls a wife? And many people say you left England for his sake."

As Madeline heard him, her face turned white as the snow of which she had spoken, and rising, she came and stood before him like a cold statue.

"When I hear such words I know what my mercy towards that man has cost me," she said. "It permits such a man as you to insult me—a man who has won rank and seeming honor by the deepest treachery—a man who, whether paid by France or Russia, was ever a spy and a traitor."

Beside himself with rage the duke seized her by the wrists, but she did not struggle in his grasp; perfectly unmoved and calm, she went on, bearing unflinchingly a clasp in which her very soul writhed.

"During the war you were paid as a spy; poorly paid at first; but found so useful, that your master thought it wise to give you rank and wealth, that, by these passports, you might enter palaces, and betray their inmates, just as you had hitherto betrayed less noble friends. Alexis Sobraski, Duke de Briancourt, I am not afraid of you; and I intend you to understand, once for ever, that I would not endure an insult from a royal duke, a duke of a hundred descents, much less from such a duke as you!"

The contempt with which she spoke might have scorched him, could he have been destroyed by scorn; but the man who can endure to take the office of a spy is not likely to be withered by any woman's contempt.

"Whatever I may be," he said, coldly, "I was not too mean to be your friend. Take care you do not make me your enemy."

He dropped her wrists, which he had reddened with his grasp, and leant back on his seat with an air of calm power. His touch had irritated Madeline almost to madness; a moment ago she had stood before him trembling with rage, but now she quailed, and tears started to her eyes.

"I have no wish to make you my enemy," she said; "but I demand from you the conduct of a gentleman, not of a ruffian. Why insult me with words you know I will not endure?"

"Why persist in calling my long patient love an insult?" returned the duke. "I have told you all my history. I have confessed to you that I was born a serf, and married, when a boy, to a woman I hated. The chain is odious to me; it makes me hateful in your sight; it brings my love before you as a thing to be condemned, to be repulsed with horror. It gives you the right to despise me, while it always leaves me the maddening hope that these shackles alone are the cause of your contempt; and if I were free I might win you. Madeline, Madeline! have some pity on a heart which has given you such a long-suffering, enduring love!"

As he spoke, Madeline put out her hands before her eyes, blindly; her frame trembled—her lips shook.

"I could be sorry for a hopeless love," she said softly; "but I have known a love more long-suffering than yours—a love as gentle, as patient, as worthy, as yours is impatient and unworthy; and I cannot forget that, when I was maddened by the loss of that love, you and your wretched friend Rathline came to me and tempted me. Then it was I chose vengeance, and took ruin with it."

Sinking into a chair, she covered her face with her hands, while the heaving of her bosom betrayed a grief stronger than her words.

The duke gazed at her at first doubtfully, then with a strange gleam flashing into his light eyes.

"Are you struck with remorse?" he said; "you, who take revenge, and call it justice. Are you going to turn back in weakness?"

"Say no more to me now," returned Madeline, as her hands dropped from her face, and showed it ghastly white; I cannot bear another word."

"Let me say one only," urged the duke. "Madeline, shackled as I am, you will not give me the torture of accepting another?"

"How can you fear such a thing?" she answered mournfully. "Have I not sacrificed all happiness and all love? Is Madeline Sherborne a woman who can hope for a good man's respect?"

"Your beauty and genius have made men half mad," he rejoined, in a gloomy tone. "Who has cared whether you were good or bad, when they have looked upon your face?"

This man's compliments were like himself—saturnine; and his insane, moody passion was dangerous, and Madeline knew it; so she strove to soothe him, and with some success, for when he quitted her, his restless eyes and haggard face wore somewhat of a brighter look. As she listened to his retreating steps she glanced at the time piece breathlessly. In a few minutes Maurice Pellew would be here. What if they should meet? The thought made her tremble, and she went hastily to the window and looked out into the hot street, where long trails of sunshine, dust laden, struggled with the heavy shadows that fell from roof and chimney. At the door the duke's horses stood fretting, and as he gathered up the reins he glanced upwards, and the light fell upon his thin, powerful face. Madeline shuddered, yet she forced her lips into a smile; then the showy carriage and the great black horses pranced away.

"And that man too, I suffer, for the sake of this hard justice!" said Madeline to herself, bitterly. "Father, can your agony only be avenged at the cost of honor, happiness, and life?"

She sank down upon her knee, and gave way to a burst of sorrow; yet it lasted but for a moment, and when she rose, she dashed away her tears, exclaiming, scornfully, "Am I a fool that I hesitate thus in weakness? No, I counted the cost of all this long ago. I have paid the penalty, and I will not go back."

As she spoke, she looked down upon the red marks still lingering on her wrists, and bit her lip in passionate anger.

"How dared he?" she cried to herself; "how dared he touch me? When I put my hand into Maurice Pellew's, I shall remember this degrading touch—I shall shrink and shiver at it—I shall feel that, if he knew it, he would think some of my dishonor rested upon him, merely because he entered my roof; and I should read again in his eyes that pity which I hate."

At this instant a voice, a step, brought a rush of color to her face, and she fled precipitately. Thus, when Maurice Pellew entered the room, he found it empty.

Before she came back and greeted her guest, Madeline changed her dress and jewels. She flung off the rich toilette that had dazzled the duke, and arrayed herself simply, almost girlishly; but she strove vainly to fling of her recollection of the duke's insolent words, his terrible love and his cruel grasp; these memories were with her when she clasped the hand of Maurice. To her the room still seemed haunted by the presence of the man whose relentless passion had pursued her for so many years; and turning from the window she avoided the chair on which he had sat, the table on which he had learned, and the book he had opened.

"Madeline," said Maurice, coming forward to meet her, "you are pale to night. You are not strong enough for the excitement and fatigue of the stage."

"What does that matter?" she answered carelessly. "While I can bear it I shall go on; and when voice and health fail, I shall wring a living in some other way, from this hard world."

"But surely you would have a competence?" said Maurice, in an embarrassed tone. "I thought your marriage with Mr. Singleton gave you your aunt's fortune."

Madeline blushed, and then turned pale, as she always did at any mention of her husband's name.

"Yes, my marriage gave me that," she said; "but I give up the whole of my income derived from that poor twelve thousand pounds—to Tom's relations."

Although Tom Singleton was dead, Maurice Pellew's jealous heart could ill endure to hear Madeline name him with familiar kindness. His own prior right to her love made it seem strange, unnatural, that her lips should speak of this other man, this interloper, in tones of affection. To him it appeared as though they had been separated but a week, and her marriage and her widowhood were as a dream.

"What are Mr. Singleton's relations to you," he said, glancing at her half reproachfully, "that you should divest yourself of fortune, and follow an arduous profession to maintain them?"

"But for Tom's sake they are very little to me," she answered, "except Alice, whom I like for herself."

"And she can't want a large income?" observed Maurice.

"No," but Mr. Rathline does," replied Madeline, with a nervous laugh.

"Is it possible that you want yourself robbed by that villian!" cried Maurice.

"Yes," she answered, throwing herself wearily into a chair; "all my triumphs represent so many guineas for Mr. Rathline. I sing for him, I act for him. For him I undertake the most arduous parts; for him I work early and late; for him I rack heart and brain. But there are times when I weary of it all, Maurice."

Mr. Pellew heard her with an astonishment that he could not utter.

"I had no idea," he said, "that you ever spoke to that scoundrel. I wonder he dares live upon you in this way."

"There are men," returned Madeline, "who have the art of making women work for them, and he is one. While there is a woman left in the world Richard Rathline will never earn a meal by the sweat of his own brow."

"But what claim has this swaggerer on you?" cried Maurice, impatiently. "If he wrings money from the weakness of a wife or a sister, you surely have the strength and the right to resist him."

Something in this speech made Madeline turn pale.

"Nevertheless, Richard Rathline drains my purse," she said, evasively. "You forget he is the father of my ward. It is through that boy he claims a right to rob me," she added, with a bitter laugh.

"It was cruel to forget your anxiety," observed Maurice. "Is the poor child found?"

"He has been found, but is lost again," replied Madeline, with a blush of fire crimsoning her face; "that is, he was traced to Castle Crehylls——"

"To Castle Crehylls!" exclaimed Maurice. "How strange."

"Not so very strange," returned Madeline, averting her face from his gaze. "Mr. Rathline took the boy to that neighborhood some time ago; and I believe they saw my old enemy, Lady Crehylls, and—and, perhaps, the child liked her."

"It will be fortunate if the boy has taken refuge with Lady Crehylls," said Maurice. "Your anxiety will be at rest then."

"On the contrary, it would be increased," replied Madeline, with marked coldness. "My dislike to my traducer has not diminished, although you of course are still her friend. I would rather the boy had died than find a home with her."

Her words pained Maurice, as every reference to Lady Crehylls always did.

"Madeline, I wish you would learn to spare me," he said, with some weariness.

"There are times when I try to forget the bitter past—times when I even do forget it for a brief moment—but you ever, by some cruel word, bring back the old agony as freshly as if it had only crushed me yesterday."

Madeline listened, with her right hand clenched and her left raised to her brow, to shade her face from his view.

"I should be sorry," she said, putting her lips together with an effort, "if I ever forgot the past for an instant. My memories are fresh. I remember keenly that my past and present have been shaped by the hand of Agatha Crehylls; I remember that I owe my marriage and my widowhood to her. She gave me Richard Rathline for a father-in-law, and she slandered me to Maurice Pellew, who believed her, and left me."

Maurice bore these words patiently.

"Who suffered most, Madeline," he said, "you or I? You married, and forgot me. I am single still."

"I married, and remembered," said Madeline, with quivering lips. "There was my sin. The question is not who suffered most, but who sinned most. Do you think there is no agony of remorse in my mind for the wrong I did to a noble heart?"

"If all your repentance is for Mr. Singleton," returned Maurice, coldly, "I will say no more. For my own part, I thought he had known how to take advantage of your anger to hurry you into a hasty marriage. If he was unhappy I don't pity him."

"You do him an injustice," said Madeline, looking up with sudden tears shining in her eyes. "I proposed our marriage to him myself."

"Did you?" asked Maurice with a great hot flush, springing to his face. "I should scarcely have credited you with such an act."

"I did it," she answered, "impulsively, as I do all things. I did it from impatience, fear, gratitude—every feeling there is in the heart, except love. And yet if I had had a brother—an only brother born the same hour with myself—he would not have been dearer to me than Tom Singleton was."

"What a theme to talk of to me!" thought Maurice to himself. "But don't widows always weary us with praises of the departed? I was foolish enough to believe," he said, looking at her earnestly, "that your love for me was even greater than this. I was foolish enough to believe," he said, looking at her earnestly, "that your love for me was even greater than this. I was not prepared for the unforgiving, relentless spirit, in which you wrecked my happiness."

"I was insulted, calumniated, forsaken," she said; "and, in my pride and bitterness, I resolved to make it a duty to crush my love for you out of my heart. So I married; and you of all men have no right to reproach me."

Her sudden wildness startled Mr. Pellew.

"We will not speak any more of this," he said, turning the pages of a book hurriedly. "It is only the old story, which I have explained so often. I was to blame, but I could not dream that your resentment would lead you into an act so hasty and irremediable."

"Don't you know me yet?" she asked, half wistfully. "My nature is too impatient for waiting and waiting. I act impulsively and repent afterwards."

She had finished with a laugh, and then crossed her arms on her bosom, as if to hold down a rising sob. For a moment a dead silence crept over them, through which there passed many a shadow of earlier, happier years.

"I am a coward," said Maurice, breaking the silence in a trembling voice. "I have no right to remind you of your sorrows or your faults. Of my own choice I came here as your friend; and having accepted that position, I ought not to rake up the ashes of a dead past, to make them a subject of reproach; and even if I had a hope of being something dearer than a friend, I should find in that no right to utter a word to pain you. Madeline, is there such a hope for me?"

Madeline gazed at him with great wistful eyes, in which there grew the shadow of unshed tears; then she turned away, hiding her face.

"There is no hope," she said, calmly. "There is an unseen barrier between us, Maurice, and I cannot overstep it."

"If you allude to the affair of Lord Crehylls," he said, eagerly, "I have already told you, Madeline, that I guess it all."

She turned and looked at him with flushed cheeks, and eyes full of terror.

"All!" she cried, hurriedly. "What do you mean?"

"Lord Crehylls wrote to me when he first went abroad, putting before me a supposed case, which I guessed to be his own," replied Maurice.

"When he first went abroad!" repeated Madeline; "and he did not write after—after the death of his child?"

"No, I have not heard from him for years," said Maurice. "But why should Lord Crehylls, innocent or guilty, separate you and me!" he asked, earnestly.

"It was his wife who separated us," replied Madeline; "it is she who still separates us. She had no right to part us when she did, but perhaps she would have the right now. But I will never give her the power."

"Do you think I am so mad that I should ever listen again to Lady Crehylls?" said Maurice, passionately.

"Yes, you would listen," returned Madeline sorrowfully, "and you would forsake me again—perhaps this time justly. You blamed me once, when I thought I did not merit blame; I do not hold myself guiltless now."

"I considered you presumptuous," said Maurice, eagerly, "in forcing Lord Crehylls to quit England on a charge which was not proved; but your youth, the circumstances of your father's death, and the confession which Lord Crehylls doubtless made of the rash blow he struck Carbis, are great excuses for you. Knowing the whole case as I do now, I can safely assure you Madeline, that it can never again be made a cause of quarrel between you and me."

"You are mistaken," she returned. "There are circumstances arising from it, unknown to you, which stand like a wall between us. These would make a deadly breach between you and me, whether whispered to you by friend or foe."

Her tone was so cold, her manner so constrained, that Maurice felt a chill pass over him, and the passionate words rising to his lips died there unspoken. It seemed impossible to speak tenderly to a woman of ice and marble.

"If you are resolved to think so," he said, "all assurances of mine to the contrary would be useless."

There was a strange look in Madeline's eyes as her gaze met his.

"Useless, indeed," she said. "Richard Rathline might tell me so, and I would believe him, but not you."

"Do you hold my word cheaper than a scoundrel's?" asked Maurice, in anger. "If so, it is in vain to speak."

"It is vain to speak of love," said Madeline. "I will never wrong a good man again. Let us be friends, Maurice, and forget all this for ever."

She held out her hand to him; he took it for a moment, then let it drop coldly. If she felt this, there was no change, no pique in her voice and manner when she addressed him again.

"Give me your advice, Maurice, about the boy," she said. "What measure shall I take to recover him?"

Then she told him of the schoolmaster's visit to Crehylls, and Alfred's second escape.

"Can he be gone to his father!" said Maurice.

"I am certain he is not," she replied.

"Where is Mr. Rathline," he asked carelessly. "I want to find him."

"I never know where he is, except when he needs money," she replied. "I can tell you when he next pulls hard at my purse, and you can see him then, if you will. But what is your business with Rathline?"

"Suppose I have still a theory of my own respecting the death of Mathew Carbis," said Maurice, smilingly; "what then?"

"Why, then, if it involves a supposition that Lord Crehylls' was not the hand that killed him, you are grievously wrong," returned Madeline, with a hot flush upon her face. "If Lord Crehylls is innocent, I am the most miserable and guilty woman in the world. But why do I speak of this. Such a thought is folly."

"It is no folly, said Maurice; "it is too likely to be a truth. Madeline, last night you remarked that you repented of your romance. Why not prove your repentance by aiding me to unravel this mystery?"

Madeline was silent. Her convictions were too strong, too firmly rooted to be shaken by any argument Maurice might use; nevertheless, his doubts irritated her, and going to her desk, she unlocked it, and laid her father's letter before him.

"Since Lord Crehylls himself told you his history," she said, "I do not think I am breaking my promise of silence in showing you this. Do you know I kept my word, even through loss of love and happiness."

Maurice could not read the letter penned by Walter Sherborne without emotion, nor without finding his own theory greatly shaken by his perusal of it. Madeline's conduct, too, struck him in another light, and he no longer wondered at her sentence on Lord Crehylls; he only regretted it.

"A trial would have brought out the truth," he said to himself. "And yet, if this letter is untrue, its cruelty is past belief. Madeline," he said, taking her hand, "your love for Mr. Lanyon must have been very great, since for his sake you forbore to ruin his daughter and his son-in-law."

"And you know how Lady Crehylls rewarded me!" she said, bitterly. "I showed mercy to her husband, but I mean to deal out justice to her."

"Does she know this story?" asked Maurice.

"Partly," replied Madeline. "I sent Richard Rathline to her about two years ago—the time he had the child with him—and he told her some of the mournful truth. He made her understand that I only exiled her husband, when I might have exposed his guilt to a gaping world, and he informed her also that I had promised to be silent, and had kept my word even when she slandered me."

"She has a sad life," said Maurice.

"She has kept her name and her honor," returned Madeline, in a hard voice; "she left me neither. If her life has been unhappy, mine has been bitter. You waste your pity strangely on this woman, Maurice."

"Do I," he said quietly. "And yet I never forget, Madeline, that she parted us by her foolish jealousy, a harder thing for me to forgive than you."

Madeline was silent, but Maurice did not mention Agatha Crehylls again.

"You must promise to let me see Rathline when he comes here again," he cried. "Madeline," he added, suddenly, "did you ever hear him name a friend of his called Whalley?"

"Whalley!" repeated Madeline, in surprise.

But here Alice Rathline's voice broke suddenly upon their interview, and Alice's face was presented abruptly at the door.

"I begin to think you don't mean to have any dinner," said; "I have been sounding the gong with all my might these five minutes.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE time at Crehylls was a time of sorrow and dismay; hence it was easy for Lydia, when the evening fell, to creep out unperceived. Very small restraint had hitherto been placed on her movements; she was not a child who had been cramped in a nursery, or confined in a schoolroom. Free to come and go as she would in the great castle, and living her daily life with her father and mother, not with nursemaids, she had acquired a calmness and self-possession, and curious, unchildish self-reliance, not often found among the children of the rich. The street Arab has it always, and the little ones of the poor who go forth with tranquil courage to earn their bread at an age when the infant rich are helpless, have it likewise. Yet Lydia's self-reliance differed somewhat from theirs; they have the dignity and pride of labor, she had the less worthy but more imposing dignity of race and position. She was Lydia Crehylls, of Crehylls, and knowing this, she knew no fear. Like the young patricians, who walked with calm, fearless superiority among their slaves, their infant lips speaking with authority to bearded men, so did she go forth in unconscious pride and unconscious innocence, brave as a child Una on her lion.

Do people think enough of the courage of children? Do they ever notice these little bird-watchers out in lonely fields bearing their solitude in utter fearlessness? Or do they ponder on the children down in dark mines, creeping from level to level, with danger and death lurking ever in the air they breathe? Or do we consider the courage, the fortitude of those little ones, who traverse slushy streets or dismal lanes in the deep darkness of winter mornings, and then suffer patiently to have their young lives bound to the dreary, grinding, crushing wheels of cotton mills? Who among us sufficiently considers the forlorn courage of the child, who, in the dreamy waste of streets, wanders friendless, meeting ever a ceaseless stream of human life, which passes on, leaving him uncared for, unclaimed, houseless, and alone? Such hopeless, pitiful, patient courage as theirs ought to rouse even hearts of stone to help the little wanderers.

Children have strange histories, but no hand yet has been found skilful enough to write them.

It was nine o'clock when Lydia reached the hollow tree within which Alfred Singleton lay. It was a huge oak of enormous bulk, and now in its decay its great trunk had room and to spare for the fugitive that sought its shelter. When the child crept first within the hollow, the semi darkness at first blinded her; then as her eyes cleared she saw Alfred sleeping, and for a moment she stood and looked at him, the deep, unconscious, motherly tenderness, which is the root of all woman's love, swelling in her little heart and wetting her cheeks with tears. Then kneeling down, she put her arm around his neck and woke him.

"Are you very, very tired of waiting?" she said. "I was afraid to come till nearly dark, lest any one should watch me."

"And is Mr. Whalley gone?" asked Alfred.

"Oh yes—hours and hours ago," she replied; "and just as you guessed, papa said he might take you away; so they searched all through the house and garden for you, and were obliged to come and tell him you were gone. Then he got very angry and papa sent for me and questioned me; but I would not say anything."

Alfred looked up into her shining eyes, with a piteous tear creeping into his own.

"They did not beat you, or shut you up, or do anything cruel to make you tell?" he cried, eagerly.

Poor boy! He was so used to cruelty and ill usage he could not understand Lydia's free, happy life.

"Beat me!" she exclaimed, in wonder; but her mind would not hold the thought, and in a moment she had dismissed it. "Look here," she said, "I saved all my bread and butter for you when I had my tea, and here are a lot of biscuits too. I took as many as this little silk bag would hold, because I thought you would be hungry. I wish I could have brought you something better."

"This is very good," said Alfred.

Then just like a little mother, Lydia sat down, and beheld him eat, with great contentment.

"Now here are some cherries to finish with, and two apples," she said; "but you must put them in your pocket against another time, and the rest of the biscuits too."

Alfred did as he was told, greatly admiring at the same time his little friend's foresight.

"How clever you are," he said, "to think of all this! I shan't be hungry now to-morrow as I walk on."

Lydia gazed at him very wistfully. It was so strange to her to have hunger and thirst and weariness, the world's hardness and cruel usage brought home to her like this. And these were here, before her eyes, speaking in Alfred's forlorn fears, his friendlessness, and in his pallid looks.

"But you can buy something to eat with money," she said; "I have thought of that, too, and I have unlocked my money box. See, here are all these shillings! You won't want anything now as you go to Penkivel, and you won't sleep out of doors again beneath the trees!"

Her store of silver was about twelve shillings—a sum which seemed immense to Alfred.

"I can't take all that money," he said. "I—I don't think I should ever be able to pay it back."

"You must have it," returned Lydia, pressing it on him eagerly. "I don't want it back."

There was a little dispute between them before he took it, but she gained her point. Then he gave her a small gold pencil case, and told her to keep it for his sake till he came to Crehylls again."

"I have had this a long while," he said, "so I would not give it to any one in all the world, but you, Lydia."

"I will never part with it," she answered. Then from her cloak she took a little bundle, with a smile of immense triumph. "This is yours," she said; "I knew you would want it, so I hid it away directly I got in; and I am so glad I did, because that wicked man wanted it. He said——"

But here the child stopped; she did not like to let Alfred know Mr. Whalley had called him a thief.

"Tell me what he said, Lydia," pleaded the boy; "tell me all the wicked lies he told your papa."

She told it at last, trembling as she spoke, and clasping his hand in hers.

"The wickedest thing he said was that you had robbed him," said Lydia; "and that you had silver things and jewels in your bundle."

The poor boy, hearing this, felt his heart stand still, and seizing the little bundle, he began undoing the knots hurriedly.

"What are you doing?" cried Lydia, putting both her arms around him. "I won't look in the bundle; I won't see what is in it! If you think I believe Mr. Whalley, I'll never speak to you again. Here's your pencil case. I can't take it if you fancy I am such a mean, wicked, cruel girl, as to want you to prove to me that you are not a thief."

She pressed the pencil case in his hand, and covered her face with her cloak, lest her eyes should fall on the obnoxious bundle. Her passion subdued Alfred, and he tied up the bundle again, with a sigh.

"Well, I won't show you the things if you don't like, Lydia," said he. "I have only got some of my clothes here. Please take the pencil case, Lydia, because I must say good-bye now. See how dark it is getting!" he added, sorrowfully.

Then his arm stole about her neck, and, cheek pressing against cheek, the children sat in silence. It was so hard to part, so dreadful, so cruel, that not all their innocent hope and faith could for a time assuage the pang.

Thus they sat in the entrance of the hollow tree, with the gray light of the long June twilight falling on them sadly. All the tall shadows had crept away with the vanished sun, leaving in their stead a faint darkness, through which there glimmered a white mist rising beneath the sombre trees, like ghosts with wreathed and beckoning arms.

Lydia's cheeks were wet with tears, and she uttered not a word, when Alfred rose, unclasped her small hands from his neck, and slowly walked away. But when she saw him going, a cry sprang to her lips, and rushing forward she clung to him with sobs and tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mme. Patti, the singer, is reported to have laid by a fortune of $3,000,000.

THE COMING.

BY GEORGE HOUGHTON.

It came with the early daybreak—
None abroad but the fisher boy—
It came with a cry like anguish,
But it was the cry of joy.

The robins knew of its coming,
The blue-eyed violets knew;
The robin's song was sweeter,
The violets sweeter blue.

There had come another singer,
(The robins well might sing),
And another blue-eyed playmate
Unto the flowers of Spring.

The Wife's Trial.

BY M. V.

"MY cousin Madaline Carter is coming from town on a visit to us, Alice."

Mrs. Lund looked up wonderingly into her husband's face. The name was strange to her; she had never heard him mention this cousin before.

"And when is she coming?" she asked, glancing quickly around the breakfast-room.

Mr. Lund smiled and tossed a dashing-looking letter into his wife's lap.

"Read for yourself," he said, "and then tell me how you like it."

"Do you like the handwriting?" he continued, when she had finished.

"Yes, well enough," she replied. "But you know I am seldom drawn very strongly towards gay, handsome people."

"But how do you know that she is gay and handsome?" he asked.

"The handwriting indicates as much," was the reply.

"You are right, Alice, and Edward knows it. If I were in your place I wouldn't have her come here at all." The voice came from an open French window, at which a fair girl entered.

"What! is Hester here as early as this in the morning?" said Mr. Lund, evidently somewhat annoyed. "This comes of settling down within a stone's throw of one's old home. Now, chatterbox, what have you to say of Madaline Carter?"

"That if I were in Alice's place I would not care to have her here—nothing more nor less," was his sister's reply.

"And why not?" asked her brother.

Hester looked annoyed. She did not know whether it would do for her to speak her mind or not. Shaking her head, she said, archly:

"You wouldn't like me to tell why, Edward!"

"Nonsense!" said he. "How thankful I am that I didn't choose such a little goosy as you for a wife. Alice will be pleased with Madaline, I am sure, in spite of your mischievous croaking. Don't mind her, Alice," said Mr. Lund, as he turned away.

This was all of the morning's conversation; and yet upon the young wife's heart a shadow had fallen. Going to the window, she watched her husband as he walked down the garden.

After a while she glanced back towards the breakfast table, still untouched. Near it, in a lounging chair, her sister-in-law Hester sat reading. For a moment, as she looked upon her, an unworthy question framed itself upon her lips. But she did not ask it. She had little need in fact; for Hester, anticipating her, closed her book, and joined her at the window.

"Don't feel annoyed about it, Alice," she began. "I'm sure Edward never cared at all for Madaline—at least, not half so much as he does for you. But at one time they were very intimate, and mother and I were afraid he would marry her. But that was a long time ago!"

* * * * *

It was one of the pleasantest evenings in June that Madaline Carter came. Alice had expected to meet a handsome woman, but for so much beauty she was not prepared. For a moment she started back as we do when a sudden light breaks upon us.

"It gives me great pleasure to see you, Madaline!" said Mr. Lund, shaking her hand cordially. And then turning to his wife, he presented her.

Madaline's proud eyes flashed widely open her. At a glance she seemed to take in her whole character. How much a single look will express! The one that passed between the two women was fraught with meaning. It said, "I shall hate you!" From Madaline's eyes it was like a swift, strong blaze; from Alice's like the piercing gleam of a star—sharp and lancelike. This was their meeting, although they all the while clasped their white hands together and smiled.

Madaline Carter came for a visit of a few days, but they lengthened out into weeks, and still she did not speak of going.

At dinner one day she said, turning her face towards Mr. Lund, while she fixed her eyes upon Alice:

"When I was shopping in Bath this morning I met Mr. Ralph Morrison, whose acquaintance I made last year in town. Finding I was staying here, he said he knew Miss Thurlow before she became Mrs. Lund, and should take an opportunity of calling ere he left Bath. I think you will like him. Some people call him very attractive. What is your opinion, Mrs. Lund?"

At that moment Edward raised his eyes to Alice's face. It was so pale that it startled him.

"I hope the thought of seeing Ralph Morrison does not affect you so, Mrs. Lund," Madaline said. "I shall feel obliged to warn cousin of him," she added, half playfully.

Alice's face crimsoned, and for a moment she did not answer. Even Edward seemed a little disturbed at her strange appearance, for he raised his eyes to her face, as though anxiously awaiting her reply.

"I would advise you to do so, Miss Carter. Perhaps Edward will appoint you to watch me closely when the gentleman calls," Alice said, at last, laughingly.

"Perhaps so," said Madaline, opening her eyes to their full width.

On the following morning Ralph Morrison called. He was a dark, handsome man, with a smooth tongue and a soft voice. Mr. Lund did not like him, and so gathered his dignity about him like an icy garment. Alice was very quiet, and a little paler than usual; but Madaline was all grace and beauty. Her eyes shone like stars. They were so bright that what was lying in their depths could not be seen.

Before he left, Mr. Morrison spoke a few low words to Alice, and as he did so Madaline scanned the face of Mr. Lund closely.

"They were very dear friends once," she said, seeing how indifferent he was.

He glanced towards them quickly at this, and then looked inquiringly into her face. Her words were simple enough, but they weighed down with meaning. As if annoyed, she drooped her eyes, and playing with her bracelet, remarked, in a confused, half-troubled way:

"Excuse me; I supposed you knew all about their acquaintance, and yet I might have known—never mind. See! Mr. Morrison is bidding Alice good night."

He was, indeed! But why should Alice stand blushingly before him? Edward was startled out of his composure for a moment. He turned to Madaline. She had risen from her chair, and stood with her beautiful head bent thoughtfully forward.

"I am quite puzzled," he said, in a low tone. "I must hear more of this," he added, quite forgetting himself.

This was but the beginning of disquiet. With Edward Lund it increased daily. Between Alice and himself a strange coldness sprang up, but Madaline was everything to him. I do not say that he was conscious of this; but doubting his wife, he made Madaline his friend.

One evening Madaline told Edward that Mr. Morrison and Alice had been lovers once. She said this in an artless, innocent way, as if she did not half comprehend what she was saying. But he drank in every word eagerly.

"Yes, yes," said Edward; "but had they loved deeply?"

"Yes," replied Madaline.

The word came with a sigh. At that moment it fell welcomely upon his ears.

Madaline perhaps had loved him deeply he thought. Involuntarily he raised her hand to his lips.

Ah, Edward—Edward Lund! could you have seen the pale face bent towards you at that moment—could you have seen the terrible loook of agony that passed over it, you might have stayed your feet from the path which they were treading. The beautiful hand would have scorched your lips like fire!

Softly, noiselessly, Alice stole up to her chamber. In the darkness she fell upon her knees, clasping her hands across her forehead. Her prayer was:

"Be merciful—be merciful, my Father!"

* * * * *

"It is so cruel, so wickedly cruel!" So Hester Lund kept saying to herself, as she sat by Alice's bedside during the illness that followed that night. But Alice did not speak at all, only mutely with her large brown eyes. She kept her pale face hidden in the pillow, and muffled the heavy sobs that broke so constantly from her lips. At first Edward came to see her; but Hester suggested to him one day, as she saw him approaching his wife's chamber, with a troubled expression upon his face, his mouth stern and his brows knit, that it would be better for him to allow Alice a few days of uninterrupted quiet.

At the expiration of a week Alice insisted upon going down stairs. Hester protested that she was too weak, and Edward expressed a fear that she might endanger her health by so doing. But she was firm in her resolution, and so at dinner-time that day she took her place at the table again.

How strange it was that Mr Morrison, who had absented himself from the house during Alice's illness, should make his appearance on the first evening which she spent down stairs. To Edward Lund it was inexplicable. To all appearances it was the same to Madaline. But Hester was contented to watch without wondering.

When he turned to leave the room that night, Mr. Morrison drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and as he did so, a delicate little note dropped on the carpet, close at Edward's feet. Mr. Lund stooped to pick it up. Suddenly his eye caught the address; it was in the delicate handwriting of Alice. He put his foot on the note and bowed Mr. Morrison from the room. For a moment he stood as white as marble. The perspiration gathered in large drops upon his forehead. His lips were tremulous, but not with speech. He knew then, when she seemed to go forever from him, how deeply and well he had loved Alice; that his passion for Madaline, compared to that, was no more than is the first breath of spring to the rich glow of summer. He had been feeling this all the evening, as he anxiously watched the invalid's face. He gathered the note in his hand, and crushed it there.

"What is it, Edward?" whispered Hester softly.

He waved her away with his hand. His eye sought Alice.

"Not now," she said.

He turned round.

Madaline had stolen quietly from the room.

"Yes, now!" he said, almost fiercely.

Alice looked up, and he went to her.

"You are no longer my wife!" he said, looking into her pale face as he spoke.

She started up wildly. As if to crush her down again, he held the note before her eyes. She read:

"Dear Ralph;—I shall be down stairs this evening. If you love me, come.

ALICE."

"I never wrote it. Edward, Edward, believe me!" she cried, sinking back upon the sofa in a swoon.

"You have killed her!" said Hester, as he turned away.

He rushed out of the house, down the avenue, toward the village. He did not know or care where or which way he went. So he wandered about till nearly midnight. At last he turned towards home. He gained it by a roundabout way that led him to the farm buildings situated in the remotest part of his grounds. He entered by the side gate; and as he walked along the grass by the side of a path, densely shaded, he caught the sound of voices. His first thought was that Alice might be there keeping tryst with Ralph Morrison. He listened shudderingly. Behind the thick screen of rustling evergreens Morrison and Madeline were talking. How long they had been there he had no idea. But they were talking of him, he thought. Hearing his name mentioned, he moved more closely towards them.

"The plot deepens," Madeline said. "I had no idea that it would work so well. You have acted your part well, Ralph."

"Why should I not?" said he. "Alice Thurlow did not turn from her heart's best love for nothing. I swore to her then, if time were spared to me, I would strike at the tenderest part of her life. Even now she thinks the blow is deep, but she has not felt it yet. Do you remember how pale she turned when I first spoke to her? She had not forgotten my words. They will go to the grave with her."

Morrison said something more, but Edward could not quite distinguish what it was. Something about "living until the victory was entirely won" was the burden of his words as he moved away.

When Edward reached the house he found Alice asleep. He bent over her couch. He could see then how sadly she was changed—how pale and thin she had grown. She turned upon her pillow, and whispered his name brokenly. Tears gathered in his eyes. His heart was full.

"Forgive me, Alice!" he cried, as she opened her eyes upon him

He took her hands tenderly in his, and in broken sentences told her what he heard. And more, he told her of this strange infatuation, now gone for ever; and he promised to be all in the years to come that he had been in the past—tender, true and loving.

The next morning he carried Alice down to the breakfast-room in his arms, and set her close beside him at the table in the lounging-chair. Madeline looked wonderingly upon him. She was so taken by surprise, that she forgot the part she was playing.

"I did not think to see you down at breakfast, Alice," said she.

In a few bitter words he told her he knew all.

An hour later Madeline Carter was on her way to the Bath station. She did not stop to thank her host and hostess for their protracted hospitality, or even to bid them good-bye.

For a long time Edward and Alice sat at the breakfast-table, while Hester was reading by the window. The breeze came in gently, laden with the summer's dying perfume; the canary trilled in its cage; the sunshine threw its golden lines farther and farther across the table. The young wife smiled; the shadows were dispersed.

Miss Chloe Lankton, of New Hartford, Conn., has just completed the collection of one million cancelled postage stamps. She began in October last, a gentleman in Philadelphia having offered her $200 if she would get the stamps for him, the money to be used in getting for her a life residence in a home for the friendless.

Scientific and Useful.

INVISIBLE INK.—An invisible ink for postal cards may be made of sulphuric acid diluted with fifty parts of water, a quill pen being used for the writing, which is invisible until heated, when it becomes black.

PULMONARY DISEASES.—An eminent German anatomist, declares that pulmonary diseases have very little to do with intemperance much less with cold weather, but are almost exclusively (with the exception of inherited tendencies) produced by the breathing of foul air.

VENTILATION.—In a recent foreign patent it is proposed to conduct the air used for ventilation through a system of tubes buried about ten feet deep in the ground; in this way the air might be heated 8 degrees or 9 degrees in winter, and in summer cooled 12 degrees or 13 degrees.

WATCH SCREWS.—Machines in a watch factory cutscrews with 500 threads to the inch; the finest used in the watch has 250. The threads are invisible to the naked eye, and it takes 144,000 of the screws to weigh a pound. A pound of them is worth six pounds of pure gold. Lay one upon a piece of white paper, and looks like it a tiny steel filing.

UTILIZING SLAG.—As about 30 hundred weight of slag are made for every ton of pig iron, the importance of utilizing this waste product is very obvious. In England, slag has been turned to account in the formation of breakwaters. Bricks, paving sets, concrete, and other articles are also made of it. Three millions of slag bricks, most of which go to London, are manufactured annually. Glass works are in operation where the slag is run direct from the iron furnaces into the glass furnaces, mixed with other materials, and converted into glass for bottles, etc.

PAPER PULLEYS.—A cheap form of friction pulley is now made by cutting pieces of pasteboard into disks of the size of the required pulley, pasting them heavily with hot glue and laying one over the other till the proper thickness is obtained. The hole for the shaft is cut in each piece before they are glued together, and when the wheel has been formed it may be pressed till the glue is cold. The face of the pulley may then be turned down smooth in a lathe and, to make a firm edge, iron rings or clamps may be fastened to the sides. Such paper pulleys are said to run with good usage for a long time.

THE PLANET MARS.—Professor Lockyer thinks that human life on the planet Mars may be very much like human life on the earth. Although the light cannot be so bright, yet the organs of sight of the inhabitants may be so much more susceptible as to make their vision quite as good as ours. Probably the heat on Mars is less than the heat on the earth. Several remarkable seas are now definable in the southern hemisphere, where, as in the case of the southern hemisphere of the earth, water covers a much larger area than in the northern hemisphere. One of the southern seas of Mars is very like the Baltic in outline. Another sea near the equator is 1,000 miles in length and about 100 in breath.

Farm and Garden.

LIGHT AND PLANTS.—Some successful experiments to determine the precise nature of the light which is indispensable to growing plants have lately been made in France. They show that plants which are covered by red glass will continue to grow, though not so well as when exposed to common sunlight; but plants which are kept under shades of green glass cease to grow and soon die.

NERVOUS ANIMALS.—It is often among the very best milkers and butter-makers that nervous animals occur, and we cannot afford to have their value thus impaired. No violence should be allowed among the cows at any time; but if you have impatient help, or are quick tempered yourself, let some person who does not get mad so easily, milk the nervous cows. A cruel man ought never to have charge of any stock whatever.

THE BONE CRITERION.—Small bones in animals are an indication of good feeding quality, early maturity, and superior, fine-grained flesh; while coarse, large bones, with prominent joints and angular projections of the skeleton, indicate poor feeding quality, late maturity, and coarse flesh, in connection with a large proportion of offal and cheap pieces in carcass, when reaching its final destination at the slaughter house.

ORCHARDS.—Many orchards become unproductive. To restore them to productiveness sow them in clover, and when the clover is well established turn in the hogs and sheep. Their droppings will fertilize the ground. They will pick up all the worminals, and this will wonderfully lessen the destruction of fruit by worms. Top dressing of rotten manure, leaf mold, ashes, lime, etc., are very beneficial to orchards that have been in bearing for a few years.

FATTEN WHILE YOUNG.—Professor Sanborn says: Any steer that matures at more than two years, matures too late. If you can mature a steer at two years old, you will mature twenty per cent. cheaper than at four. Feeding to day is just as much a science as any science. The younger the animals, the more growth they will make on a given amount of food. It is so with anything, taking the size into consideration. Then, I say, the only way is to fatten inside of six months, and the farmer who keeps a pig more than eight months loses twenty per cent.

FANCY POINTS.—A deal is said now a-days about "fancy" points in breeding Jersey cattle. These remarks are frequently aimed at solid colors, black switches, gray or brown backs, with all the lower parts dull or black or tawny, instead of light fawn or white. The skin of an animal is but its wrapper, and superficial tastes may be permitted to differ. The light colors are beautiful in summer, with a green sward, hedge rows and shady coppices for a background. In winter, among stained snow banks and manure piles, dun flanks will look warmer, show less dirt, and might be considered the most solidly useful color of any.

GREENHOUSE AND WINDOW PLANTS.—The increasing sun will bring many plants into flower, and at the same time encourage the insects. Free use of tobacco smoke or tobacco water, where it is inconvenient to use smoke, will destroy many. A small collection of plants, tended by one really fond of them, may be kept free of insects by mere "thumb and finger work." Daily examination, the use of a stiffish brush like an old toothbrush, and a pointed stick to pick off mealy bugs and scale will keep insects from doing harm. Neglect to examine in time, and nip the trouble in the bud, is the cause of much of the difficulty.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FIFTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

TERMS:

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, 1879.

SAVING HABITS.

NOTHING is more certain than that when a man begins to lay by money the desire to accumulate grows with the growth of his savings. The "nest egg" is the chief difficulty. A deposit once made, the self-denial necessary to enable the depositor to add to the initial sum, becomes less irksome every day, until at length the thrifty individual derives a greater pleasure from the contemplation of his increasing store, than ever he experienced from the outlay of money to gratify his tastes or pamper his appetites. He feels proud, too, of his own power of self-restraint, and is dignified in his own eyes by his prudential self-sacrifices. According to the testimony of managers of savings banks, a large proportion of those who open accounts with these excellent institutions, are willing to endure severe hardships and privations rather than withdraw their deposits. Let it be understood, then, that any young man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow—ay, or by the sweat of his brain—and has sufficient determination so to limit his wants as to save a few dollars for a beginning, is almost sure, by that very act, to lay the foundation of future comfort and competence. The first earnest effort to provide for a rainy day will naturally lead to a second; and the sequence will go on until the great temporal end of life—a sufficient provision against the exigencies of misfortunes or the wants of age—shall have been made.

MEN are apt to forget, in the perplexities and annoyances of business, that home cares are also annoying, and try the patience and strength of their wives. They come home expecting sympathy and attention, but are apt to have none to give. A single kindly word or look that tells his thought of her and her troubles would lift half the weight of care from her heart. Secondly, husbands should make confidantes of their wifes, consulting them on their plans and prospects, and especially on their troubles and embarrassments. Above all, men should beware of treating their wives with rudeness and incivility, as if they were the only persons not entitled to their consideration and respect. They should think of their sensitive feelings and their need of sympathy, and 'never let the fire of love go out, or cease to show that the flame is burning with unabated fervor.'"

SOME feelings are untranslatable; no language has yet been found for them. They gleam upon us beautifully through the dim twilight of fancy, and yet when we bring them close to us, and hold them up to the light of reason, lose their beauty all at once, as glow-worms which gleam with such a spiritual light in the shadows of evening, when brought where the candles are lighted, are found to be worms like so many others.

SANCTUM CHAT.

AN "owl costume" is the latest Parisian eccentricity, worn by a foreigner at a recent ball. The dress was dark-blue satin, trimmed with feathers like those of a little gray owl. The front was covered with fringes of the same feathers. An owl's head in diamonds sparkled in front of the bodice, and another owl adorned the lady's head.

THESE French painters have a grim and peculiar idea of a joke. Not long since one of them gave a dinner party, and had a stuffed mouse concealed in the napkin of each lady guest. When the napkins were opened there was a universal scream that would have delighted Wagner, and if those stuffed mice had been really in the flesh they would have heartily enjoyed the gymnastics of those lady guests.

A FEATURE at one of the recent fashionable dinner parties was the menus, which were made by Tiffany from new and original designs credited to a well known artist whose social popularity is quite pronounced. The menu was in the form of a book, one page to a course, with a miniature water-color sketch on the top of each page illustrating something appertaining to culinary art. The book was bound in blue velvet and was embellished with the gilt monogram of the person at whose plate it was laid.

Mr. M. D. CONWAY says there is a good deal of skepticism in England, and still more confusion, about Mr. Edison and his works. The alarming tidings which not long ago spread ruin among so many gas shareholders are now followed by alarming rumors that Edison has discovered nothing new at all. A good many men of science are expressing doubts, and some of them disbelief, in any novelties. Since the discovery that the telephone is described in old cyclopedias, common people are beginning to suspect somebody has been fooling them.

ANOTHER instance of transatlantic enterprise, as well as tribute to the superiority of American mechanism, is the presence at Geneva of a locomotive brought expressly from America to test its capacity for producing steam from the anthracite coal found in the Valais, and which Swiss and French locomotives, as at present constructed, are quite unable to use. The experiment appears to have been an entire success. The furnace arrangements of the American locomotives are admirable. It can run with fuel which would bring the ordinary continental locomotive to a standstill.

THE last reported invention in telegraphy is an actual writing machine. The writer sits at one end of the wire and moves his pen at will, and as he does so a pen at the other end moves simultaneously, transcribing exactly the same characters as are indicated by the first pen. The idea of a pen-writing without any apparent aid is startling and the editor of Nature, who has seen the instrument at work, says it appears to be guided by a spirit hand. The inventor is said to be a well-known English mechanical engineer, and it will soon be made public before the English Society of Telegraph Engineers.

THE co-operative system of trading has extended in London to dress for ladies and children. A co-operative company has leased a mansion, on Regent street, for twenty years, and is fitting up its twenty rooms as a store, every room being the headquarters of a different department. The capital is $1,000,000, obtained by the issue of 40,000 shares at $25 a share, these shares to bear 6 per cent. interest. Only shareholders can trade, and certainly, if no more than one tenth of them are ladies and frequent the rooms often, the premises will be none too large. They promise to give the newest fashions and to employ first-class dressmakers and to have a fixed low price for making and to charge not one penny of advance in the material used.

GEN'L. MOLTKE estimates that fully 60,000 Russian soldiers perished in the campaign of 1829, and that half of them fell victims to the plague, which found their frames, enervated by privation and hardship, an easy prey, while the absence of sanitary provision gave little chance even to those whose constitutions might have withstood the disease. The epidemic in Athens described by Thucydides is not now believed to have been identical with the plague, the date of whose appearance is generally referred to in the reign of Justinian, A. D. 542, in whose time it thrice appeared. Since then its visitations have gradually become less frequent. In Europe only Russia and Turkey have suffered since 1800, and Constantinople has not been thus affected since 1841.

THE proprietor of a popular restaurant in Berlin has instituted what he calls the dinner of the golden sausage, the great attraction of which is the insertion in every thirtieth sausage designed for his guests of a small gold coin, which becomes the property of the individual to whose lot it chances to fall. It is quite a study to observe the guests seated round the numerous tables, each accommodating thirty persons, all of whom are moving their jaws most cautiously. Of those favored by fortune, some are unable to conceal their satisfaction, while others try to convey the coin unperceived from their mouths to their pockets. As a matter of course, every one is obliged to masticate his food slowly, instead of bolting it in the national fashion, otherwise the tiny golden coin might slip down his gullet unawares.

CATS and birds do not mind being laughed at, but dogs and horses are sensible to ridiridicule. A writer relates in the Animal World that his pony gets very cross when disparaging remarks are made upon him, and becomes furious, stamping about his stall, putting back his ears and attempting to bite, if he is openly laughed at; whereas praise greatly pleases him. The Spectators believes that dogs, and probably horses, know the difference between being laughed at in derision and being laughed at in admiration, and enjoy the latter as much as they resent the former; but regards as questionable whether some parrots do not understand and enjoy the practice of making fun of their human acquaintances—do not appreciate the art of duping and take pleasure in it.

NIGHTINGALES are coming in. No premature coming of the sweet songsters of the spring, but a timely arrival of comfortable warm bed-wraps, called after the lady who invented them, for the wants of the sick room. As needlework, they take the place of stockings in fashionable drawing rooms, or may either be developed into works of art or retain their original simplicity. Two and a half yards of flannel can at a pinch be converted into a bed wrap in two and a half minutes. No cutting, no shaping being required, you (ladies generally) fold the flannel together and tack the two sides by the selvage about a quarter of a yard from the double end. This forms the hood of an elegant bernouse. You have only then to fold back the two lower corners and tack again—tack, I am told, is the correct word—and you have the cuffs, through which the hands are slipped; and the thing is done.

OVER fifty thousands tea plants have been distributed lately in the Middle and Southern States, by the Bureau of Agriculture. In three or four years these plants will be large enough to permit a full picking of the leaves. Experiments have been made with tea leaves grown in the grounds of the department and in the South, after Japan methods, the product being pronounced an excellent Oolong by dealers and experts. The only present obstacles to the profitable cultivation of tea in this country on a large scale is the amount of hand labor required in curing the leaves. The Commissioner is confident that American ingenuity can produce machinery by means of which the preparation of the leaves may be effected better and cheaper than is possible even with "Chinese cheap labor." There is no good reason why any family having a garden plat, in the southern and middle portions of the United States, should not produce with little trouble all the tea needed for home consumption, without elaborate machinery.

IT is not so much what is worn as how it is worn that produces the general effect of being well dressed. The material may be splendid, but, if it is ill-cut or ill-adjusted the wearer appears no better for it. A linen dress made with taste is more becoming than a silk out of the mode or awkwardly put on; and the simplest ribbons, tied by one who knows just how to do it, will be more elegant than the costliest scarf in the arrangement of which taste has not been consulted. There is a choice in everything, from a calico to a velvet. And, even in ornaments, things that make no pretence, yet are well-shaped and becoming, may be bought for a "song;" although some people have no knowledge of that fact, and believe that the only choice is between real diamonds and glaring glass and brass. Let Taste be a girl's dressing-maid and she needs very little money.

A FUNNY story is told of three Brooklyn boys, 10, 11 and 12 years old, who belong to respectable families, but had got dime-novel notions into their heads, somehow, and who a few days ago disappeared, leaving notes behind to say that they were tired of city life, and had gone West. The lads had about $2 apiece in money. One had a single-barrelled pistol, another had a revolver, and the third a large umbrella for a tent. They bought two big hatchets for tomahawks, a box of sardines, and some crackers and cheese, and started West. They got as far as the New Jersey shore, and walked along the railroad track, looking for a freight train to get on board of. When they reached the Hackensack river, they did not dare cross by the railroad bridge, for fear of being run over. So they went down under the bridge, raised the umbrella, and went into bivouac. They lighted a candle, ate up their sardines and crackers and cheese, being made very sick thereby, and were found at night, by a watchman, speechless with cold and suffering. They were taken to a neighboring locomotive house, and warmed and medicined, and were sent home yesterday. They had intended to go west to kill Indians.

THE fact as stated by a contemporary, an expert authority, that thirty-six million pairs of fancy colored stockings are made, imported, sold and worn in the United States in twelve months, shows what a firm footing vanity has secured on our soil. There might not be any great objection to this, provided no evil effect followed the indulgence in this attractive article of dress; but the startling fact is made known that the wearers of these stockings often subject themselves to a process of slow poisoning which affects their skins, undermines their constitutions and, if not discontinued strikes at their lives. It is alleged that the poisonous dyes are to be found in the goods imported from France, and that our American made goods are harmless; but we should desire to have the testimony of others than our own manufacturers on that point. Poisonous dyes are cheaper than others—that is to say, they produce more brilliant colors at less cost. A bill to make it a misdemeanor to sell any articles of wearing apparel dyed with poisonous substances has been introduced in the Senate and if its provisions are sufficiently stringent it should become a law. There is no reason why the people should not be protected from this danger by statutory regulations just as well as from the sale of diseased meat.

IS it true that the old Puritan stock of Massachusetts is dying out, and that in a few years the old Bay State will be given over to citizens of Irish, English, German and French-Canadian extraction. It would seem so. The London Medical Times and Gazette has been commenting on some statistical papers by Dr. Allen, of Lowell, Massachusetts. The London Reviewer comes to the conclusion that the birth rate of New Englanders corresponds very nearly to that of France, which shows a smaller annual percentage of births than any other country in Europe. Dr. Allen shows from comparative tables that the average number of children in Massachusetts has been decreasing through several successive generations. He ascribes this change in part to the undue development of the intellectual faculties. He shows that the number of children in each family among the foreign-born population is double that of the native born.—Other States of New England show a similar decline in the number of children to each family. But, surprising to some as such statements may be, the difference between Massachusetts or New England, and other of the older settled States is only one of degree. In New York city the average of children is only three to a family. In other cities on the Atlantic seaboard we doubt if the average is much higher. Physical condition has much to do with this decrease, and the wear and tear of active lives in pursuits that allow no cessation.

BABY SLEEPS.

The baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms
And hushed its fears and soothed its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps;
And God doth take it from its mother's arms,
From present griefs and future unknown harms,
And baby sleeps.

HALF A MINUTE LATE.

BY F. G.

PUNCTUALITY is the soul of all business.

I am aware that one of the Seven Wise men, either of Greece or Gotham, has preferred to read 'Punctuality is the thief of time." And, on the whole, I am disposed to agree with a wise man. "A proverb," says another wise man, "is the folly of many and the stupidity of one."

"Punctuality is a bad habit. I say so distinctly. All habits are bad, because when they are not good they injure, and when they are good they are bad, because they deprive a good action of the merit of free-will and degrade it into mere slavery. But of all habits, punctuality stands first and foremost in point of utter badness. Defend me from a punctual man! He is arrogant. He considers himself absolved from all other virtues, because he has one for which a clerk or journeyman is paid. He is worse than arrogant—he is an arrogant slave, so degraded as to brag of his slavery. He has no sympathy with free men. He is sordid and mean. To save a wretched minute he will miss a joy. He will put an end to the most interesting conversation to keep an appointment with a lawyer or a tailor—and he is a fool for his pains, because neither of these are punctual men, not even in sending in their bills. He is doubly a fool indeed, for he deliberately gives himself a bad character. He expects others to be punctual for his sake, which is selfish. If he is ill-tempered, as cultivators of the pettifogging virtues mostly are, he quarrels with them; he is incapable of imagining that human nature is not regulated by clockwork; in fact, and in short, and to sum up all, the punctual man is of necessity an arrogant, mean-minded, degraded, haggling fool!"

* * * * * *

Harold Maynard was standing in evening dress, with one hand upon the bell-pull, and holding in the other the evening paper, from which, during the interval between touching the bell-rope and pulling, he read this choice extract of wisdom—an extract from one of those bold dashes at paradox that newspaper readers are supposed to digest comfortably after one o'clock P. M. In the morning, telegrams; in the evening, paradox, is the due order of the day's news.

There was no earthly reason why Harold Maynard should have pulled so soon as his fingers had closed upon the cord. Though it was only in a lodging-house, the wire was in excellent order, and the cord unstrained. Indeed, the bell-hanger had put everything to rights only yesterday, and Harold was not one of those angry men who ring twenty times apiece for twenty times a day. No, he might have rung instantly; but his eyes had fallen upon these few lines of print, which surely out-paradoxed paradox; and he read them through, naturally enough, before he pulled.

Demons do not, as a rule, write in newspapers, nor was this special journal distinguished for demoniac energy. The passage would not have attracted him and it been of the usual style of that journal. But I think, if the passage was not written by a demon, some demon must have been at the elbow of the writer when it was penned.

Why did he write it? Probably he would have laughed at the question, and thought of pay day. But how many people ever know why they do anything? For that matter, "Why am I born?" as a famous American lecturess on woman's rights commenced an eloquent peroration, with the sole effect of drawing from a little boy in the gallery the only possible answer, "I give it up, if you put it as a co-nundrum." Probably we do nothing for the purpose with which we do it. And the writer of an article, thinking of pay-day, and never having heard of this particular reader, was tricked by some jocular demon into writing what made Harold Maynard just half a minute late in pulling the bell.

For it was just a half a minute, to a tick of the clock, between his touching the bell-rope and giving the pull.

It must have been for this purpose and no other that the article had been written; for the writer would have stared at learning that his paradox could have had any effect whatever upon man, woman, or child.

* * * * * *

Harold Maynard was a young man of about thirty, tall, broad-shouldered, and well made, a man of much muscle and with some brains. He had many excellent qualities, and not the least of them was that he felt less of his good points than others thought of them. He could ride a horse and pull an oar, and both without bragging or thinking that life was bestowed upon him for such things. He thought a great many of his friends very good fellows, and they returned the compliment. He was proud of only two things: a character for being always up to time—neither too late, nor still worse, too soon—and of a very strong admiration for Letty Despard.

Of that he was very proud—as a man should be of loving a girl whom he thinks worthy the love of better men than he. He was proud of it even though it was impossible for her to care for him. On the contrary, ever since that evening when he had asked a blossom of tuberose from her after waltzing with her twice, and after she had refused it three times, and had ended by dropping it by accident when he was near enough to pick it up and secrete it, he had felt—in the subtle way one feel such things—that she was to be won. Won? Yes—but maintained? That was another thing.

Love had been defined as "an insane desire to support somebody else's daughter." And that was just what Harold Maynard could not do. It was as much as he could do to support himself alone, and he was not an extravagant man. He knew the value of time perfectly; and time is money, as all the world knows. Ah! if it only were, and if he could only pay into his banking account half the spare time he had on his hands! Though very much the reverse of the sort of man who looks at both sides of a sixpence, and lingeringly feels the edge before parting with it, he was a rigid economist: rather than lose a minute, of the value, say, of three halfpence, he would charter a special train from Edinburgh to London at seven shillings a mile. It may be that his very form of economy left him poor, and far richer in wealth that is measured by minutes than that which is measured by pounds sterling.

At any rate, he was very much in love, and, in respect of fortune, like the gourmand and the goose—he found it too much for one, but by no means enough for two. And Letty Despard was very far from being a romantic heroine, to be kept for nothing a year. She could eat and drink as a healthy girl should be able, and could dress to perfection.

Many days, and many nights too, had Harold Maynard consumed in trying to find something to do. Many a man of his age and of twice his ability will know what that means who has neither the will of iron, nor the key of gold, nor the spoon of silver. Fortune is not a bird to come for whistling; she needs the salted tail. And how to salt her is a problem that puzzles others than children. I need not enumerate the plans that he laid out for life, how well they promised, how surely they came to nothing. It seemed to him as if fortune were a ball rolled before him by an invisible imp, ever at his toes, never in his fingers. He did not despair, for love means hope; and he was not weary of the chase, for he was young and strong; but it did seem hard sometimes to feel time slipping away, and yet bringing him no nearer to the end. He felt himself the sport of an altogether peculiar destiny. All men's destinies feel peculiar—to themselves. And it was all the harder on a man who was always up to time, and never lost an instant—especially when he was expecting to meet Letty.

But it is a long lane that has no turning. Just as he was beginning the most keenly to feel that the world did not want another pair of strong shoulders when it already had so many—that is to say, at the most unexpected moment possibly—he received a letter that made his heart beat faster than if it had been signed Letitia Despard, instead of being dashed off in a bold male hieroglyphics that gave reading it the excitement of mystery.

"Dear Maynard,—O you blind burrage and honey running in the may of braid! Oil Despard by thunder bangs a filling jingo Hong Kong—aged penny, cold congregation, strong in treacle—fudge, hurry in traces, plundering indefensible: so Yorick the merry man. Wing with me, wit, sing sharp to day. Sting white, the irons not.

"And believe me, evening shrine,
"T. L. WINTER."

Tom Winter did not live in a madhouse; he simply had a heroic contempt for pot-hooks and hangers.

"Has he no respect for other people's time?" thought Maynard; but the name of Despard was written legibly enough, and compelled attention to a letter that would otherwise have been turned into a spill. For that purpose, Maynard selected an unreceipted bill from the bootmaker, lighted his pipe, and sat down to see if that would help him. And, after a fair amount of study, he managed to make out as follows, omitting impossibilities;

"Dear Maynard,—Do you mind turning an honest penny in the way of trade? Old Despard, my uncle, wants a fellow to go to Hong-Kong—good pay, good appointment ——business habits, punctuality indispensable; so you're the very man. Dine with me at six sharp to-day. Strike while the iron's hot,"

And believe me ever thine,
"T. L. WINTER"

And he made out from a postscript over the page:

"If you accept you will sail by the Ganges, from East India Dock, on Thursday. Mem: Old Despard dines with me. He will take you, if you will go."

If he would accept! Why, here was an opening into the very heart of dreamland? Nay, into the land of certainty. Maynard was pretty safe to do himself credit with any employer, if he only had elbow-room. Whittington and the good apprentice are not the only men who have married their master's daughter. As a penniless failure he had no chance of being old Despard's son-in-law; as a trusted employe, working under old Despard's very eyes if he had no chance he would be a fool. There was but one answer:

"Dear Tom,—Of course, and thank you. At six sharp—to the minute: you know what that means with me."

"Thine always,
H. M."

Twenty minutes to dress—fifteen minutes for a hansom to Tom Winter's. He measured it accurately. He was not more, not one second more, than half a minute late in pulling the bell.

"Fetch me a hansom!" he said to the girl.

He was in ample, even superfluous, time for a dinner engagement, as we blind mortals measure such things. Five minutes' grace is allowed to the most notoriously punctual man; nobody ever thought of half a minute. Maynard sat back in the cab with a good conscience on the score of his favorite virtue, and let no feeling of hurry interfere with his future as it lay panorama-wise before him. His start in life was assured; for he knew Tom Winter, who always understated everything, and whose letter meant that his appointment was secure. Old Despard liked him, he knew, as a man. And Letty, he knew, liked him in the same capacity. It was only Monday as yet; before Thursday came he would have ample time to turn his hope of Letty—so far as she was concerned—into certainty. He had never yet said the words "I love you" in plain speech, but in the plainer speech that lovers know the words had been said and answered. Looks and instincts only needed translating.

Suddenly the hansom stopped, as hansoms will so long as cabmen believe that narrow byways are shorter cuts than broad thoroughfares. A cart horse had just fallen in front, and blocked the way. Maynard pushed up the trap over his head.

"Can't you go round another way? I'm in a hurry, and it looks like a long job here."

"Well, it ain't my fault. I didn't make the block. It would have been behind us instead of afore if we'd been half a minute sooner, that's all."

Nor had the half minute grown into more than a minute over, when the block was removed and the cabman was touching his horse with the lash to make believe he was making up for lost time. And a minute and a half is not worth minding—scarcely even in the matter of catching a train. It was full five minutes to six still, and he was not more than six minutes and a half at the outside from Tom Winter's. Had he been on his way to meet Letty anywhere the smallest delay would have put him out of temper. As it was, not even his principle of punctuality was offended. "That's the best of being in good time," he even said to himself, with self-gratulation. "One doesn't spoil one's digestion beforehand with hurries and worries. One can look after the hours, and leave the half minutes to take care of themselves." The cabman had named the half minute, or it would never have occured to him.

* * * * * *

"Hulloh!"

I write it, not because it represents by any means what the cabman said, but because his real speech must be expurgated to be presentable; and "hulloh!" though not the whole truth, was really one word among many. The horse was pulled back hard against the dash-board, and Maynard thought he heard a cry, set in the cabman's volley of hard words like a lost heart in a storm.

It was just beginning to darken, and a street mist had been coming on that made the gas-lamps flare yellow and double the darkness. Maynard was out of the cab in an instant to see what mischief he had done. It was only too clear.

Among the hoofs of the horse lay a figure—whether, woman, girl, or child, he could not tell at first. In the by-road and in the dark a smaller crowd had sprung out of the pavement than usual, and he managed to raise, without much interference, her who had been so nearly run over, and with no more than two minutes' delay. She was of small weight, and Maynard's muscles soon had her into the cab, leaning back into the farthest corner.

"To the nearest hospital," he called out to the cabman, following her. "How far?"

"Not more than four minutes."

"Then look alive. Do it in three."

He was not thinking of himself as he urged extra speed, nor of Hong Kong, nor even of Letty, nor of how, by compound interest, the first half minute had now become seven and a half; so that the five minutes' grace before meat had expired by the time he was near the hospital. He might have unwittingly caused the death of a fellow-creature for aught he knew. She was not dead yet, that he could make out—only stunned; the blood was running from under the hair over one of her temples, and she was ghastly pale. She was too close for him to see more in the alternate darkness and flare of the night; he could only support her with his arm, regardless of delay. He did not even say to himself, "What a bore!"

By the better light in the hall of the hospital he and the house-surgeon together saw a young girl, not more than eighteen years old, still insensible and bleeding, still as pale as death, and dressed very plainly—poorly even, though not like the poor. Her features were, small, good, and a lady's; but her set lips and closed eyes placed her for the present beyond criticism. She was long in coming to. But the surgeon brought her round at last. She opened her eyes, and said, in a very sweet voice:

"Mother, where am I?"

The surgeon held her pulse as he said, "Don't be afraid; you've had a little accident in the street, that's all, and you've been brought to St. Martin's—the best place for you."

He spoke with a little more tenderness, and less quickness, than are affected by men who have to deal with cases wholesale; and, now that she had opened her eyes and spoken, there was an indescribably pathetic air about her that made it impossible to speak to her merely as a case, or otherwise than tenderly.

Maynard looked inquiringly at the surgeon. It is certainly more unpleasant to run down some people than others.

She suddenly put her hands to her head, and said:

"In a hospital! An accident! Oh, for God's sake let me go!" And she tried to rise.

"Not yet. Be a good girl. We'll see to-morrow. You can't go now. We will see to your friends."

A clock struck a quarter past six. The half minute had rolled itself on into fifteen. Harold Maynard had committed the unpardonable sin of a punctual man. He had been guilty of an act of charity, which means inevitable loss of time. Surely he might have sent her to St. Martin's in charge of a policeman. And now here was time flying without his hearing the flutter of a feather.

The girl fell back with a moan, and her eyes filled with despair. Harold felt conscience-stricken. What had he done? And, having brought new trouble into the world, what could he do? What should he not do? And it is only fair to say that, if the girl with the sweet face and sweet voice had been some broken-down and utterly uninteresting old crossing-sweeper, he would have felt the same, and for a while have forgotten even Letty Despard.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he said gently and ashamed, touching her wrist slightly with his fingers.

"Only—help me to go home. I must go home!"

Harold looked at the surgeon. The surgeon shook his head and signified, "Impossible just now."

"Can I see your friends—can I let them know?"

"I have a mother, and she—is dying; and she has no friends but me; I—I have none but her. She is dying—alone. I went out for help, and—"

The girl's agony was beyond tears.

"Good God!" said Harold, "I will go—trust me, my poor girl. Tell me where she lives—her name. Will you trust me?"

The girl's eyes gave him a long look; apparently they were satisfied; and they thanked him in that simplest and honestest of languages that has no tongue.

"20 Powys-place—the third floor. Mrs. Despard."

The clock struck a quarter to seven. From the half minute had grown forty-five.

Nevertheless, more than unpleasant as was this interruption to the plans of a punctual man, whose career was dependant upon his being "up to time," and who had taken the special precaution of pledging himself thereto—nevertheless, the hospital was not so far from Powys place, nor Powys-place from Tom Winter's lodgings, as to prevent Maynard's catching old Despard before he rose from the table; and though to prefer the affair of a stranger to one's own is unbecoming to a business man, and speaks ill for him to would-be employers, it is like the police-magistrate's opinion of drunkenness—no excuse, but a palliation. For a moment the name of Despard did not strike him; it was so constantly running in his mind in connection with Letty that it came rather as an echo to his thoughts than an interruption. He took another carriage, and threw away another double fare.

Powys place was not so aristocratic as its name. It was nothing better, indeed, than a street of shabby, not to say doubtful, lodging-houses in the neighborhood of a railway station, where respectable people might lodge, but most assuredly not of their own free will. It says much for the girl

that Harold, who knew the world, did not take her character from that of her surroundings. Not that his instinct was singular, for pure eyes tell their own tale. He found No. 20, and knocked at the door. It was opened by a red-faced man in shirt-sleeves.

"Mrs. Despard?" said Harold somewhat doubtfully.

"Third floor back," said the man gruffly, and disappeared into a darkness of dust and onions.

Harold groped his way to the third floor back, listened, heard no sound, and then entered, as noiselessly as he could, without knocking. For a while he could hardly see for the rushlight that darkened the little room with its glimmer. He hardly knew what to do. He had not till now realized what is meant by the word "alone." If the light showed him a dying woman, how should he approach the bed and speak to her, and what should he say? The house was as silent as if uninhabited, and he was not inclined to seek the help of the red-faced man who had opened the door. True, he might affect to be a doctor brought to the bedside by the girl, see what ought to be done, and account for the girl's absence in the best way possible. But whatever he might do, the situation was trying for any but a sister of mercy. For half a second he wished he had not come.

He listened in the half darkness, and fancied he heard the sound of breathing. The situation was ghastly altogether—alone in a light worse than darkness, in a poor room in a neighborhood without an affectation of character, and by the bedside of a dying woman, when he should by rights have been dining himself into a career. Presently the wind began to howl, and a dog to howl in answer. The howl of a dog at night is bad for people with nerves, but, under such circumstances, bad even for those fortunate people who have none.

Harold approached the bed as softly as a perversely-creaking board would let him, and said quietly:

"The doctor, Mrs. Despard."

There was no answer. He had heard breathing but a moment ago, and now the bed might be empty, for any sound he could hear. He listened again; he heard nothing but the howl of the dog and of the wind.

He took up the light and brought it to the bedside, shading it with his hand. Then, by degress, he lessened the shadow thus thrown over the bed until he could see all that was to be seen. There was not much to see. Only a dead woman—nothing more.

What was he to do now? To leave the corpse alone with the wind and the other night-ghosts would be sheer barbarity. He must provide a watcher somehow, if only the man with the red face—and then at the risk of finding a watcher for the watcher, lest any little valuables the dead woman might by any chance leave behind her should find an unintended legatee. No doubt there must be a woman in the house—and yet if there had been, Mrs. Despard would hardly have been left to die alone. He closed the door behind him, turned the key, and carried the light down stairs. He met nobody, and the rooms he passed were either dark or empty. At last he found the head of the kitchen stairs. These also he descended, and found himself in a labyrinth of scullieries—so it seemed.

"Hoy there!" growled a voice from somewhere that smelled like beer. "Who are you?"

"And who are you? Mrs. Despard is dead."

"So's Queen Anne. I could have told you that an hour ago."

"Why didn't you, then?"

"Because you didn't ask me. That's why."

"Is there any woman in the house to see her?"

"There's the young woman, I suppose."

"Miss Despard? She has been hurt by a cab, and is in the hospital."

"Well, then, she's all right. And the old lady's all right. And I'm all right—they've paid till Saturday. I don't mind a body in the house, not I. I'll see to it in the morning."

"There's no other woman in the house? No neighbors you could send for?"

"You seem to think a mighty lot of a dead body, young gentleman. Bless you, you wouldn't if you was me. You're a doctor, I suppose. Then look here—I'll make a bargain. Dead men don't tell no tales, nor dead women either, and there ain't a soul knows the old lady but her daughter, and she won't know but what she's buried when she gets out of the hospital. You take the body for two sovereigns. Done? You'll get a whole woman to cut up, and I shan't be bothered."

"May I ask," said Harold, "who you are?"

His tone was not amiable.

"Who am I? You're a green hand, I reckon, for a medical man, not to hear of Knaggs. I'm Knaggs. And I can get you an arm or a leg most days—and bones any time. But a whole body isn't an every-day thing."

It was useless to argue with a ghoul.

"Who is—was, Mrs. Despard?"

"A decayed gentlewoman, I suppose. That's what they call her sort. If she weren't a good bit decayed, I wouldn't have had her for a lodger. But she scraped her rent together—or she wouldn't have had me for a landlord."

"It is not a common name—Despard."

"Nor's Knaggs."

"You can tell me nothing of her? Nor of the girl?"

"Bless us, I've told you enough, haven't I? I know no harm of the girl. She'd got a few pounds to keep out of the workhouse. I didn't ask how she came by 'em. I took 'em, after they came due."

Every natural instinct rose up in Harold. It was nothing to him, but he could not bear the thought of that sweet-faced, pure-eyed girl coming out of St. Martin's to find her mother dead—but not buried, and unable to find so much as a mound of turf to mourn over. Without another word to Mrs. Knaggs he returned to the room he had left, and himself became a watcher of the dead—he himself could not have told, and indeed he never asked himself, why. He closed the eyes of the dead woman, and covered her face decently.

Then—it was a ghastly process—he set himself to rob the dead for the sake of the living. In that house of ghouls, with the wind howling round, he felt almost like a murderer as he searched the room for any articles of value to prevent their falling into dishonest hands. He did not find much—only the portrait of a handsome man, brown-haired and brown-eyed; a miniature, well painted, and set in a black velvet case and frame. This he took; and then, with a sort of conscious sacrilege, drew from the dead fourth finger the woman's only ornament—a wedding ring.

He sat down at the window, drew up the blind, and not think it sacrilege to light a cigar.

"Only half a minute"—he remembered the words of his first cabman. And at that moment the clock from near St. Martin's struck one. Only half a minute late—only seven hours and a quarter. The snow-ball rolled and grew.

Harold Maynard was growing hungry. But he felt like a sentinel at his post, and it was too late even to dream of dinner now. So he dreamed of Letty and looked at the stars.

It was a glorious relief when he woke from his dream, threw open the window, and let in the sun. He locked the door, carried away the key, gave it, with all needful information, to the sergeant on duty at the nearest police-station, breakfasted, and then went straight to the hospital.

"How is the girl?" he asked the surgeon: "I saw her mother—she is dead. Ought the girl to be told?"

"It would kill her—that's all. She is very weak and ill—and in my opinion she wants food as much as anything."

So there was nothing for it but to let her wait for the bad news. It was needless even to relieve her mind with kindly equivocation, for she was in high fever before noon. And so, at last, Harold was left free to attend to his own affairs—and it was high time. He had missed his appointment; this was Tuesday, and on Thursday the Ganges was to sail.

Obviously the best thing he could do was to call at once on old Despard; and Tuesday was a good day, because he was always at home on Tuesday, and there was the chance of seeing Letty alone into the bar gain. He must see her alone before sailing for Hong Kong, and his heart told him that no loss of half a minute, or half a thousand minutes, could hurt him there. He had lost a dinner, but he had breakfasted, and there was an end. The sun shone, and the world was beautiful again—all but for the sad face of a girl whose mother had just died, alone. And that, as he drew nearer to Letty, was smiled out by the sun.

It is a curious fact that when a man is in love the sun shines even when it rains—unless, indeed, it rains when the sun shines. But to-day the sun really shone.

And it was high time—for Hong-Kong, or for anywhere. Harold had but one sovereign left in the world to call his own, and one that he had borrowed on Saturday from Tom Winter. But it was all right now. With Hong-Kong and Letty before him he could afford to be as poor as Job, or even as Midas, who was the poorest mortal ever known.

By good fortune, or rather by punctual management, he found old Despard at home. The China merchant was a tall, rather fine-looking man, with signs of port and portliness, handsome brown eyes and iron-gray hair—a commercial captain, every inch of him. People said he was difficult to deal with, and ill tempered when the gout was upon him; but that is a not uncommon failing, or rather was not when wine was wine, and men drank it without fear instead of taking it in timid nips all day. Old Despard's toes were often tender, but his stomach was sound.

He had a library, though he never read; and here he received Maynard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The head of a mule is too heavy for the other portion of his body. It makes his hind feet fly up too easy.

OUR HOPES AND OUR JOYS.

BY W. R. W.

How short the joys of life appear
When they are pass'd and gone!
How swiftly flies each fleeting year
Of good and evil done!
What little beauty lives for aye
In this bright world of ours!
But yet how willingly we stray
To thorns instead of flowers!

What little good on earth is done
By man to fellow man!
How many children stand alone,
With faces pale and wan!
How soon the flowers all decay!
Like woman's beauty here,
They live sweet shadows of a day,
And fade when very dear.

The baby-child knows not of fear;
He lives on mother's smile,
And like a charmer tries to cheer
Her through life's rugged toil.
"I soon shall be a man," cries he,
And then—ah then he sees—
God bless his heart, his joys shall be
Uncertain as the breeze!

How grand sweet Hope appeared this morn
When first she appeared in view!
What mighty things, alas, were born
To prove themselves untrue!
How many joys we own'd awhile
That were to last for aye!
But, ah, life cheats us with a smile,
For see! we're growing gray.

The Wife of Ephesus.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

THEY lived at Ephesus, in Ionia, something about two thousand years ago.

A happier couple than they seemed to be, was not known within the city's limits. Husbands would wish that they had met with such a woman, when they saw them lovingly together, and wives would oftentimes regret that Heaven had not sent them such a man.

Indeed the intensity of their affection became proverbial. When speakers wished to illustrate their highest conceptions of marital bliss, they would say, "As happy as Cleon and Zenobia."

Yet they were not, according to received rules, well matched. She was fair as a poet's dream, full of youth, grace and impulsiveness. Blacker eyes than hers never flashed forth coquetry, and ruddier cheeks or lips the brightest mirror knew not.

He, on the contrary, if it must be told, was positively homely. The wits of the day—who envied him his lovely bride—averred his ugliness cracked every glass he looked into, and that at school they used his shape as a living illustration of the angles in the higher mathematics. Still, passing these by as malicious slanders, he confessed himself he did not rival Apollo in beauty.

"Very true," he would say, jocularly, "I am bald, uncertain-eyed and fifty. Nevertheless I may love my wife as she loves me, and be happy in spite of all."

And they were happy, though their felicity soon came to an end.

Two short years of wedded bliss went by, and Cleon was smitten with a mortal sickness.

Assiduously, day and night, the loving wife ministered to his wants, and sought to alleviate his sufferings.

But all her efforts were in vain. The disease took its course, and with a sense of having lost all that was glorious and bright on earth, she heard the Leech tell that he was dead.

"What have I now to live for?" she cried in her agony to her maid. "This life is nought but a barren desert, where the flower of happiness will never bloom again for me."

The attendant endeavored to console her, but her grief was too loud to hear the voice of sympathy.

"No! I do not care to exist longer since my Cleon is gone. Without him Elysium itself would be but a wretched blank."

The girl, who dearly loved her mistress, wept bitterly at her woe.

"Ah! my faithful Hebe," continued the lady, "well is it for thee that thy tears are tears of kindness. Were they wrung from the heart as mine are, then indeed, would'st thou know sorrow."

Meantime, the last rites were paid her spouse. In that day, the custom was to place the embalmed corpse in vaults near the city, preparatory to cremation.

The great families had their own in a central section, and among these was Cleon's. The openings to these tombs were always open, and the living often performed the sad duty of visiting and communing with the dead.

As might be supposed, the constant Zenobia, was not remiss in this attention. From early morn till eve, together with her maid, she sat beside her husband's sarcophagus, and gazed on the lineaments she loved in life.

Far from lessening it, however, time augmented her grief, and this daily feeding of her sorrow seemed to affect her mind. She at last conceived the strange resolution of making way with herself; and in death join her beloved spouse.

She told her maid of her intent, and asked for assistance. After some bitter remonstrance, the girl whose affection for the lady was immeasurable, not only consented, but agreed to die with her.

"We will go to the tomb of the master, and there, beside him, refusing to again see the light of heaven, or taste of food, end our hapless lives."

Zenobia embraced the weeping maiden and at dusk they secretly made their way to Cleon's vault and entered.

For a long time previous to his death, this part of the cemetery had been troubled by "resurrectionists," who stole the bodies away for purposes of pillage. Indeed so bold had they become, that rarely a night passed without some tomb being rifled of its precious contents.

The authorities had done all in their power, but could not check the evil. As a last resort, having caught several of the robbers, they had hung one and swung his body in chains at the cemetery entrance. This it was thought would act as a scare-crow on the rest of the malefactors.

But the commentary on their proceedings was to have the same corpse stolen the following night by some of his fellows in crime.

By this the toparch of the city was nonplussed. At length a happy thought came to him. He would hang another of the captured grave-robbers in chains, and place a guard over it. And to make sure that the guard attended to his duty of watching it, he decreed that if the body of the resurrectionist was stolen, the guard's own life should pay the forfeit.

This plan was found to work very well. None of the tombs had since been molested.

On the night that Zenobia and her maid had resolved to die, there was on this duty a handsome and brave young soldier, one Ctesiphon. To the charms of a noble face and form he added those of grace and eloquence. He was of noble blood and his fame was as well known in other cities as his name was in his own.

Passing the tomb of Cleon on his round he heard deep sobs, and entered. The moon was full, and to his great wonderment he saw the lovely Zenobia, her fair face stained with the track of tears, kneeling by her husband's corpse.

He spoke to her, and something in his voice caused her to look up. Neither did she turn her glance away, as was her wont when gazed at by too ardent eyes. On the contrary she answered his questions, told him of her misery, and of her purpose there.

At once he began to dissuade her. He painted in glowing colors the sweetness of a well spent life, and told how wrong it was to thus throw Nature's gifts of youth, beauty and talents into the greedy jaws of Death.

Zenobia listened, and occasionally caught herself drying her eyes. Finally, it seemed the arguments of the handsome Ctesiphon were to be effective.

"I will continue to live," she said, "if only to show the world how a wife should grieve for a departed spouse."

Some time had passed since he entered, and at these words, without remark, the soldier suddenly started and dashed madly from the vault. While the woman was still wondering in horrified surprise, he returned with a face as white as the marble walls around them.

"The body's stolen. To-morrow I am a dead man!"

Anxiously Zenobia asked him what he meant.

Ctesiphon told her of the robberies, the corpse in chains, its theft while he had forgotten himself in the vault with them, and the penalty of death that must be his.

He burst into tears as he spoke, and his fair companion followed his example, full of sorrow and sympathy.

The maid being less blinded, perhaps, by the briny showers, saw a way out of the difficulty. She may have also seen in her mistress a fading interest for the dead man inverse in ratio with a growing interest in the living one.

"Madame," she said, "would it not be a pity so fair a youth should die for no fault of his own? And as the body has been stolen and all corpses look alike in chains, *suppose we put your husband in its place.*"

Whether her suggestion was acted on or not, one thing is certain. Some months subsequent an urn was deposited in Diana's Temple, inscribed "The Offering of Ctesiphon and Zenobia."

THE JAPANESE CREATION.—In the Japanese creation the first man and woman made were called Izanagi and Izanami. These two beings lived in the heavens. The world was not yet well formed, and the soil floated about like fish in the water, but near the surface, and was called "The Floating Region." The sun, earth and moon were still attached to each other like a head to the neck or arms to the body. They were little by little separating, the parts joining them growing thinner. This part—like an isthmus—was called "Heaven Floating Bridge." It was on this bridge that Izanami and Izanagi were standing when they saw a pair of wagtails cooing and billing sweetly together. The heavenly couple were so delighted with the sight that they began to imitate the birds. Thus began the art of love which mortals have practised to this day.

Waiting to Win.

SEE that my niece's room is ready, Jane; and the tea. She will be weary, I warrant thou, with her journey. I am going to meet her."

The speaker is Margaret Sudron, a comely Quaker lady of between fifty and sixty years of age. Hers must have been a remarkably pretty face once, and it looks pretty yet as she walks briskly towards the station.

The train grinds and steams its way into the station, and is relieved of its one passenger for Middleby—a tall young lady of elegant figure and pleasant face, who is attired in black. She is pale and thin, as though recovering from a long illness

"My dear aunt Margaret!"

"Millicent, I am right glad to see thee. Is thy luggage labelled?"

It was. Their public greetings, brief but affectionate, at an end, the couple proceed along a lane that is fragrant with honeysuckle towards Mrs. Sudron's cosy cottage.

"Thy father was in good spirits when he left Liverpool, he writes. I hope he may continue to be, I am sure. It is late in life, thou knows, for a merchant to have to begin again; and in a distant land, too. Was he quite alone, Millicent?"

"Yes—no—that is, I believe he knew one gentleman who was on board the vessel; and Mr. M'Creeshie, a gentleman who formerly had a good many business transactions with papa in England, has promised to meet him on his arrival out."

They had many things to talk about, when they reached home, that timid girl and sympathetic aunt; and to Millie the half hour which she spent in the comfortablest of neat drawing-rooms was the most consoling time she experienced since she first knew of her father's approaching departure

"That is a peculiar chain thou art wearing, Millicent. Hast thou had it for any lengthened period?" asked the aunt, after a pause in the conversation.

"Since my mother's death," she replied, with an air of confusion. "It was a present from papa to her on the last birthday she lived to see."

"Poor sufferer! Allow me to look."

Milly removed the chain from the neck and handed it to her aunt, who observed, as she scanned its quaint workmanship:

"I know little of such gauds, my dear," she continued, "but this—what have we here? A locket—a portrait—and not a likeness of any of thy kin, child? Whose is it? But there, I have little right to know."

"You have every right," Millicent replied, with effusion; "and I shall be easier in my mind when I have told you."

And she did tell her. The locket contained a portrait of one William Horton, her lover. They were not formally engaged, but her father knew they loved each other, and he did not object. He had bidden them wait.

William was a young gentleman without any profession, who had been over indulged at home; but he was now going to set to work in real earnest in Australia.

"And, aunt! it is such a comfort to know that he is on the same ship with papa. By the time they shall have reached Melbourne papa will know more of his admirable qualities. If they cast in their lots together—that is William's hope—it must end in good."

The months sped swiftly, and Millicent began to look forward to the time when her father or William would be on the way home from the other end of the world. She had lived, gathering fresh strength and beauty, with her aunt for nearly two years, when it came to pass that she noticed a curious change in her second mother's demeanor.

At length she found out—for patient watching and listening will accomplish marvellous results—that there was connected with William Horton a strange mystery. This light came to her in a part of a letter in her father's hand she found in her aunt's room. It ran thus:

"The disclosure—the result of a remarkable accident—came upon me like a thunderclap. And I fear I have yet to know the worst. The defalcations, which have been managed with marvellous astuteness, are so intricately mixed up with some bad transactions which I had with private parties before I determined on coming here, that I do not seem to have escaped the attention of the thief and forger by removing. He is pursuing me still. M. Creeshie, who was in England at the time when the principal frauds were perpetrated, returns. (I myself cannot leave just at present) armed well to work to unravel the matter. William Horton placed it out of my power to commission him, by absenting himself on the day I arranged to send M. Creeshie. I must look to you, Margaret, to act for me."

Under the veil of simulated slumber Millicent brooded long and anxiously, to the end that she discerned, or thought she discerned, impending danger to William Horton in her father's letter. Well, Milly would watch. If they plotted against her lover, she could counterplot.

Fortune seemed to favor her. The next day by chance she saw a telegram of Miss Sudron's. It said.

"From Mason, Liverpool, to Sudron Middleby. The case is not complete against him; but he must fall into the trap which has been laid for him. He comes on to Middleby to-night. If you would not mind our arresting him at your cottage reply at once, and we will send Mac on by next train."

That evening Millicent was at Marshfield Junction and hurried to the opposite platform to watch and wait. There she remained for hours, scanning every face with feverish eagerness, but, alas, fruitlessly. Was her quest doomed to be a barren one?

The train comes in. The sight of a handsome, sun browned, bearded face—the presence of him she had come to meet—for an instant deprived her of the power of utterance. The next moment she was clinging to the handle of the carriage door and exclaiming

"William! William Horton! get out here! At once, before it is too late! Quick! O dear, the door is locked!"

In an incredibly short space of time he had opened the door with his own key, and was clasping Milly in his arms, surrounded by a group of more or less excited spectators, that included a gentleman who had leapt out after him, the exasperated station master, and a zealous member of the police force, exceedingly anxious to take somebody into custody. The train had gone.

"I will trouble you for your name and address, sir," exclaimed the head of affairs, in a tone of seathing anger. "And you too, sir. Both of you, and this young lady likewise, have committed a breach of the bye-laws."

"Oh, bother the bye-laws, man!" replied Horton. "I have a sufficient excuse here"—and he gripped Milly's hand—"for breaking all your laws at a blow, and your head into the bargain; and you would admit it old fellow, if you knew all. However, my friend will explain, and—you need not be afraid of my running away—if you really do require our names and so forth, he'll give them to you. I have some matters of importance to talk over with this young lady, which concern ourselves alone."

His friend retired with the superintendent into the office of the latter, and the reunited lovers, too full of bliss to say much to each other yet, walked outside the station.

"And so, Milly dear," he said "you would not harbor an ill thought of me?"

Looking up into his face with a glance glowing with tender meaning, she said.

"O my darling, how could I? I only know one William Horton; but I knew him! I knew him, which poor aunt Margaret did not. She sentenced you before trial, dear; I had tried you."

Shortly after they parted and Millicent returned home saying to her aunt she had seen William Horton

The good lady seemed rather upset by the announcement, but said nothing. She took up some knitting and Milly sat opposite and made a feeble pretext of reading.

In answer to a sharp ring, Jane directly afterwards admits Mrs. Sudron's visitors.

"Come in," said Mrs. Sudron, "This is Alexander M'Creeshie, my brother Philip's confidential agent and friend, and a business agent of his and my brother's, John Robinson. My niece, Millicent Grey."

Milly acknowledged the visitors "at large," and then gazed intently at M'Creeshie, as though to pierce him to the soul. That young gentleman flinched visibly under the scrutiny, but soon recovered his self possession.

"Begging your pardon, ladies," observed Mr. Robinson, after some conversation, "as my friend here and me have a little business to transact with you, ma'am"—addressing pointedly Mrs. Sudron—"I think it would be better for all parties if the young lady was to leave us to ourselves. I would advise her, as a friend to all parties, to go."

"Aunt, let me speak," interrupted Milly. "Mr. Robinson, I know you; you are a detective officer."

"What!" exclaimed that surprised official.

"Pray allow me. I know you, sir, and the nature of your miserable errand. And I know you too, Mr. M'Creeshie; and why you are here; but—"

A peremptory ring at the bell put an end to her speech. She crossed the room, turned to the trembling wretch, in a voice that trembled with excess

"And now you must go. It is now my turn. This is William Horton, my betrothed husband—"

"I am sorry for you, miss, but I must perform my duty."

"Not so fast, Inspector Robinson," said a voice in the doorway, as the speaker stepped quickly forward and impetuously seized the door, "I have a word to say on that point."

"You, sir!" exclaimed Robinson. "But look here Superintendent Ramsden, this is my prisoner for all that;" and he placed his hand on William Horton's arm.

"Oh, dear no! But this is mine!" and before M'Creeshie was aware of the operation, that wily person's hands were locked together with the aid of a pair of regulation bracelets.

M'Creeshie, who up this moment had stood in a state of stupor, found his voice.

"It is at your peril, sir, you have subjected me to this indignity. Produce your authority for this outrage."

"Never mind, Alexander M'Creeshie; I know my duty."

"But, Superintendent Ramsden, are you aware that I hold a warrant for William Horton?"

"Quite. I know all about it."

William, to whose side Millicent had shyly nestled, said: "You know, Mrs. Sudron, and you, Milly dear, that I—shall I say absconded?—from Melbourne on the day Alexander sailed. Your ill used father was justified in suspecting me, when he wrote you, Mrs. Sudron, the letter advising my arrest. With the apparent proofs which he had before him he had really no alternative. Mr. M'Creeshie sailed in the Southern Cross, and so did I. If he had suspected my being a shipmate of his, he would never thought of looking for me before the mast. It did not suit Mr. M'Creeshie to have me arrested when I was discovered; neither did it suit me. He was little aware, though, that, long before he swore the necessary information before the local magistrate, the case against him which I had proceeded with (having, thanks to Superintendent Ramsden, obtained the requisite proofs) had been undertaken by the Treasury. All in good time you shall know who was the perpetrator of those frauds; you shall know how he and I were mixed up in the charge—which dates back to my wild days, when I was more accustomed to the sight of a bill-stamp than I have been since. He sought to rob me of my character and to win my darling Milly for his wife. Your father will soon be home, dear; and when he comes he will not find it hard, I think, to consent to our wedding. Mrs. Sudron, your hand."

"And my heart with it, William Horton. I did what I thought was my duty."

The reader need not be told that M'Creeshie's defense was of no avail. The punishment inflicted on him for his misdeeds was exemplary; and so was William Horton's reward. Milly and he were married; and her father, who had got to love the land of his adoption, returned to Melbourne with them in the Southern Cross.

The Pair of Boots.

MADAME AUBREY occupied with her husband a large old house, in the village of Daine. The house stood entirely alone, at the foot of an immense garden, far from neighbors, and had no other occupants than Monsieur and Madame Aubrey, their son—an infant of twelve months—and a domestic, recently admitted into their service.

One evening in the month of November, Madame Aubrey was awaiting with some anxiety the return of her husband, who had been gone since morning to a town distant a few miles from Daine. His business was to collect a debt, and he expected to bring home a large sum of money, and his wife now remembered with a feeling of uneasiness, that she had seen him arm himself with a pair of pistols.

It was about six o'clock, and Madame Aubrey went to her chamber accompanied by the domestic, with the intention of putting her little boy to bed. This apartment, large and high, was situated on the second floor, looking into the garden

The night was a true November night—black and gloomy, with torrents of rain, which beat continually upon the windows.

Madame Aubrey sat upon a low chair in the corner of the fire-place, holding upon her knees the little boy whom she was undressing, while the servant at the other end of the room executed certain orders of her mistress.

The baby had ceased his laughing play and had already closed his drowsy eyes. The mother threw her eyes toward the cradle to assure herself that all was prepared; at this moment the fire blazed up suddenly and threw a strong light upon the corner of the bed exposed by the lifted curtain. As Madame Aubrey looked, she almost fell from her chair; under the bed, close to the cradle in which she had been about to deposit her sleeping child, she now beheld two great feet, shod in coarse brogans.

In an instant the sense of her situation flashed across the mind of the young woman as if shown by a flash of lightning. This hidden man no doubt was a thief, perhaps an assassin—she was alone, without help present or soon to be expected, for her husband was not to return until eight or nine o'clock, and it was now but a little past six. What should she do? How should she defend herself?

Madame Aubrey had uttered no cry—she had not even moved, but the servant making the same discovery, might not show the same prudence.

The thief probably intended to remain in his present position until the middle of the night, then to issue forth and possess himself of the sum brought home by Monsieur Aubrey. But if prematurely discovered, and having no opponents but two women, would probably make his escape, first securing their silence by their death. Then who knew but the servant herself was an accomplice—suspicious circumstances, hitherto disregarded, returned with renewed violence to the mind of Madame Aubrey.

All these thoughts passed through the mind of the young mother in less time than I have occupied in telling. Before many minutes had elapsed her calmness had entirely returned, and she had decided upon her part in the terrible drama. But she must get rid of the servant.

"You know," said she, without the least faltering of her voice, "you know the dishes which my husband prefers, and I think he will be well-pleased to find a good supper ready against his return. I have forgotten to tell you about it before, but go now and begin your preparations and bestow attention upon it."

After some attempts at delay, which redoubled in Madame Aubrey an uneasiness which she was obliged to conceal, the girl quitted the chamber. Her footsteps died away upon the stairs, and her mistress found herself alone with her child and those two terrible feet, which, half seen in the now dying light, seemed as immovable as the bedstead itself.

She still remained sitting near the chimney with the baby upon her lap, addressing to him almost mechanically caressing words, and soothing him to sleep, while her eyes never wandered from the menacing feet. The little fellow, tired of his position, began to cry for his cradle and its soothing motion, but the cradle was close to the alcove—close to the feet. The young mother conquered herself by a violent effort.

"Come then, my child," said she and rising from her chair she forced her tottering steps to be firm, and went toward the alcove. Behold her close to the ominous feet! She placed the baby in the cradle, and with a voice which all her resolution could hardly keep from trembling, she commenced to sing her usual lullaby to the unconscious child, and as she sang, the idea was ever in her mind that each word might be her last. At last the boy slept soundly, and the mother returned to her seat by the fire

The clock strikes seven. One hour more and Madame Aubrey may expect deliverance. A deep silence reigned in the chamber. The infant slept peacefully.

The half hour strikes. The anxious watcher could have almost sworn that it was two hours since it struck last, but no; she knows that the clock is faithful, and there is still another weary half hour before she may expect her deliverer.

Madame Aubrey took a book of religious meditations from the chimney piece above her head, and attempted to read. Vain effort. Her eyes wandered continually from the page

Eight o'clock sounded and nobody had come. The supposition then was correct, the unhappy woman gave herself up for lost. She was about to seize her child and fly from the room, when a noise resounded from the gravel walk beneath the window. The eager listener dared not trust her ears, she had been so often deceived—but now the door rolled upon its hinges and then fell heavily back in its place. A well-known step gaily ascended the stairs—the chamber door opened and a man appeared—a man, handsome, strong and vigorous. It was he! At this moment, had M. Aubrey been the ogriest of men—the worst of husbands—he would have assumed in the eyes of his wife all the graces all the virtues imaginable

He had only paused below to take off his bespattered cloak and lay down his pistols. He extended his arms and his wife rushed into them. But immediately recovering herself, she placed one finger on her lips, and with the other hand pointed to the feet.

M. Aubrey would not have been worthy of such a wife, if he had failed in decision or *sang froid*. He gave a glance at his wife which said that he understood, and said aloud

"One moment, my darling, and I will return. I have left my pocket book down stairs, and I must show you my riches."

With these words he left the room, but in a moment returned, holding a pistol in his hand. He examined the lock approached the bed, stooped down and with his left hand seized one of the two feet, the finger of his right hand resting on the trigger of his pistol.

"Beast, and you are a dead man!" exclaimed he truly

The owner of the feet did not seem disposed to risk the event. He suffered himself to be dragged by the foot into the middle of the room; where he disclosed a most villainous face as he crouched before the pistol pointed at his head

On being searched a dagger was found newly sharpened. He confessed that the servant was his accomplice, and had told him of the booty which awaited him.

Nothing remained but to deliver both to justice. Madame Aubrey indeed begged her husband to let them escape but the public interest demanded the sacrifice of private lenity, and they were delivered up. During all the time the unconscious child slept soundly. After some little time, Madame Aubrey related the events of the evening

"I did not think you had been so brave," said her husband embracing her

But in spite of her bravery the events of that night brought on a nervous fever, from which our little heroine did not recover for some weeks.

Our Young Folks.

Trot's Journey.

YOU are a naughty, careless girl, Trot; I am very angry with you. See there, grannie's beautiful china bowl all smashed to [illegible] for I [illegible] you."

"[illegible] Trot, [illegible] as she [illegible] along the [illegible] that the cup [illegible] easier [illegible]

"Oh, I [illegible] and a passion of tears [illegible] the lovely [illegible]

[illegible] what's the matter?" I say, [illegible]

"I was [illegible] broadest [illegible] by his parents—and as a [illegible] quence, had [illegible] ing.

Trot had just managed [illegible] make her cousin [illegible] china bowl [illegible] suddenly appeared among the trees and came up to the children: he was very angry when he saw Willie's wet [illegible]

"You bad boy [illegible] you've been leaping the [illegible] you right; get in [illegible]" and seizing a hand [illegible] little cousins were dragged [illegible] back to the house and sent [illegible]

Trot cried a good deal when she [illegible] down; then she was just falling [illegible] when the door opened softly, and cousin W[illegible] in his nightgown, stood at her bedside.

"Oh, W[illegible] go away! how angry uncle [illegible]" exclaimed Trot.

"[illegible] I need not [illegible] cane! I say [illegible] fairy [illegible]

"I'm afraid it would be [illegible] pester [illegible]

"R[illegible] Trot [illegible], with [illegible] she [illegible] at W[illegible]

Trot [illegible] to make, and as W[illegible] he was two years [illegible] was very hard to keep [illegible] could be had [illegible] to put [illegible] but managed to [illegible]

The sun [illegible] Trot at last, when [illegible] gained [illegible] ing to [illegible] case would [illegible] such [illegible] I [illegible] started on their journey in excellent spirits.

[illegible] part of the [illegible] the [illegible] At [illegible] very few [illegible] in [illegible] were [illegible] week.

After [illegible] they found themselves on a hillside, [illegible] at the bottom [illegible] looked about [illegible] began to cry.

"I [illegible] breakfast time, and I [illegible] breakfast."

W[illegible] took two rolls out of his pocket, and they began their breakfast.

"I wish we had some [illegible]" said Trot.

"People who [illegible] without butter," [illegible] sophically.

So they wandered on [illegible] very tired, and [illegible] dinner-time they [illegible] last rolls. They [illegible] noon in the [illegible] was a pond under a [illegible] flowers making [illegible] for frogs with [illegible] bright [illegible]

"I [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] W[illegible]

Soon they [illegible] down with [illegible] some [illegible]

[illegible] some trees and a [illegible] under [illegible]

They [illegible] down and [illegible] prayed to [illegible] third was a [illegible] with [illegible] bakes [illegible] surprise, for [illegible] savages with [illegible]

The [illegible] to them and asked W[illegible] his name.

"I'm Farmer Barton's little boy," was the reply; "father's had the farm ever since grandfather died; this is our Trot, Trot is Aunt Susan's little girl—Aunt Susan's dead—you know, and so's her husband, that's why Trot lives with us. Please can you tell us the way to a baker's? we're very hungry."

"Never mind the baker's, I haven't finished all my provender; there, divide it between you."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. ——!" Willie paused. "What's your name?" he added.

"My name is Richard."

"Thank you, Mr Richard; how kind you are!"

The children soon made an end of the bread and then with a rush were gone.

Richard looked after them mournfully. "But for this lame leg," sighed he, "they should not escape me; however, I can keep them in sight for a time, and give notice at the nearest police station." So he followed them slowly down the hill.

The children were not long in finding a baker's, where they bought some buns and some sweet cakes.

"I wonder if Mr. Richard would like a cake," said Trot.

"Never mind," returned Willie; "we can't go back."

"But he's coming down the hill," said Trot; "how lame he is! It was very good of him to give us some of his dinner, so I shall give him a cake," and she went back to meet her new friend.

Willie followed slowly, and watched the meeting; he saw how Trot offered her cake, how Richard put his hand on her head, [illegible] drew them into the [illegible]

Farmer Barton [illegible] at an [illegible] door. "Thank G[illegible] in a new deep voice.

At that moment, [illegible] and going straight up [illegible] at her feet. "Mother, [illegible] graceless son! I've [illegible] repented; and I've brought the [illegible] home."

[illegible] Then Richard said he must carry [illegible] though a great girl to be [illegible] very glad when he took her up in his arms. After some time they came to a stile, and sat down to rest.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried Trot, looking [illegible]

[illegible] enough, there was Willie, limping [illegible] and looking very worn out and miserable.

"I'd like to go home, too," said Willie.

It was late now; the laborers were all gone home, and they met no one.

"Come in with us," said Willie to their [illegible] bridge [illegible]

[illegible]

"Yes, yes!" replied Richard; "when you're safe we'll see about Willie."

It was now very late in the afternoon, and there was no time to be lost if they [illegible] to reach Sunbridge that night. Trot's [illegible] very slowly, crying out at [illegible] Then Richard said he must carry her,

LIFE IN THE TROPICS.

FAVORED by climate, the forest is a prominent feature of the tropics. The first general impression of these mighty woods is uniformity; but when you look around more closely, it is the diversity which strikes you, for almost no two trees within your sight are the same. The giants of the forest, such as the mahogany, ebony, sandal, and satin wood trees are straight and stately, springing aloft into mid-air like the columns of a temple; some, as the silk-cotton trees, being girt around with buttresses of slabs, which radiate from the main trunk, and rise to various heights on the tree from six to thirty feet. Under the shade of these arboreal Titans, there rises a second forest of moderate-sized trees: and under these there is often a third undergrowth of palms, tree ferns, and gigantic herbaceous ferns.

Another feature of the equatorial forests is the variety and profusion of climbing-plants, with tough, woody stems, which pass from tree to tree, twisting and twining around their trunks like the rigging of a ship. The flowers of these plants are often very beautiful. In the shade, however, they display neither leaf nor blossom, but twist on in huge serpentine coils till they reach the top of some tree, when with air and sunshine they burst at once into bloom and beauty. Palms are another special characteristic of the equatorial forest, and the natives put them to an infinite variety of uses.

Bamboos, which are a species of gigantic grass, are also typical plants of the tropical zone; and like the palms, their uses are endless. The posts, walls, floors, roofs, and furniture of the houses are sometimes made entirely from them; and a single joint of bamboo makes an excellent pot, in which rice, fish, and vegetables may be boiled to perfection.

Mangroves, which grow between the tide-marks of coasts and estuaries, are also very characteristic of the tropics, as are also sensitive plants, which in some places completely carpet the ground. Flowers, strange to say, are scarce amid these countless leagues of verdure, so scarce that you may travel a hundred miles and see nothing but the dense luxuriant varied greens of the great overshadowing woods, and then you may suddenly light upon some climbing liana which has struggled into air and sunshine, and is one vivid mass of gorgeous color. As a rule, these forests are oppressively lonely and silent. There is no cheerful song of birds, no pleasant hum of insect life; nothing breaks the silence except the doleful shrieks of the howling-monkey, or the sudden crash of a tree falling to the ground; and yet animal life is very abundant: though the living denizens of the forest are widely scattered, and are very shy of man. Butterflies of great size and of the most gorgeous beauty abound. Bees, wasps, and ants are found in great numbers, as also leaf insects, which so exactly resemble a leaf, that a stranger when shown a guava branch covered with them, supposes that he sees a branch actually clothed with green leaves. There are also wingless stick insects which are from eight inches to a foot long, and exactly resemble dead withered twigs.

Of birds, three groups—the parrots, the pigeons and the birds of the cuckoo and hornbill type give a special character to the ornithology of the equator. Lizards are also very abundant, and literally swarm everywhere; and snakes, although not quite so plentiful, are far too often found in the woods for the comfort of a nervous traveller. Green whip-snakes glide through the foliage at your side without disturbing a leaf; and one peculiarly dangerous species, also green, lies motionless coiled up upon the foliage, till in passing through the underwood you find with a start that your face is within a few inches of the lazy reptile. Pythons of moderate dimensions are very abundant; while one species, the great water-boa of South America, grows to forty feet long, and is able to seize and devour cattle alive. Frogs and toads abound, some of them of a bright blue color; while others don a harlequin livery consisting of red and blue legs.

Of the mammalia, only one group, the monkeys, make themselves prominent. In the mornings and evenings, the woods resound with the frightful howling of one species, which although a small creature, is able, by means of a large thin bony vessel in the throat, into which air is forced, to make a noise louder than the roaring of a lion! At all times they may be seen swinging by their long arms from the branches, lifting small objects from the ground with their powerful prehensile tails; or bounding from tree to tree at a hundred feet or more above the ground, as fast as a deer can pass below.

Bats are specially and largely developed in the tropical zone, and one group, the vampires, comprises several blood-sucking species. Of butterflies there are four hundred different species, the largest about the size of a swallow, and the smallest scarcely larger than a humble-bee. They live upon honey, which they extract from flowers, but also a certain proportion of insect food. The tongue of the humming-bird is tubular and retractile; it is very long, and is capable of being extended far beyond the beak, and rapidly drawn back, so as to suck up honey from the nectaries of flowers and capture small insects. Seen in its familiar haunts poised on rapid wings in the vivid sunlight, the humming-bird gleams like a jewel with the iridescent hues of the amethyst, the ruby, and the sapphire; but like the parrots of its native forests, the basis of its brilliant coloring is green; not a soft, silky green, such as adorns the parrot's neck and breast, but a bright dazzling hue, which seems to reflect every varying gleam of the sunshine.

Further north we are not much accustomed to admire beetles, and it is therefore with some surprise that one reads that next to humming birds they are the most brilliant ornaments of a tropical forest. They swarm on every fallen tree trunk; they glow on every mass of foliage, shining in the brightest and richest metallic hues, as if myriads of many-colored gems were glittering in the hot sunshine.

Spiders, scorpions, and centipedes also abound. Some of the spiders are very large, almost two inches long, and with legs six inches long when expanded. They sometimes kill birds. The meshes of their large webs are composed of fibres as strong as silk, and as they weave them across the forest-paths, the traveller often finds them closing his way. The scorpions are as huge in their way as the spiders, and a great deal more dangerous. One variety, of a green color, is from eight to ten inches long; it frequents the forest; while a smaller species haunts houses and secretes itself under every box and board. The centipedes are also of immense size, and are very venomous. They seem fond of human society; for they not only burrow under the thatch of houses and ensconce themselves in canoes, but take every possible opportunity of crawling into beds and secreting themselves under the pillows, rendering a thorough examination necessary before the weary traveller can retire to rest.

Numerous as these creatures are, a wound from them is very rare; the reverse of the case being the rule with another pest of the tropical forests, the fire-ant. It not unfrequently happens that in forcing his way through the tangled brushwood, the inadvertent traveller strikes his head against some overhanging branch or mass of fern and dislodges a fire-ant, which falls, let us suppose, upon his cheek; and the odds are that the next moment a cry of sudden agony is wrung from him, for he feels as if a red-hot iron were thrust through it. Fortunately, although the bite is terrible, it is not venomous, and the pain soon passes away; unlike the bite of a larger species, which causes intense pain and illness.

From this it will be seen that these dense and gloomy thickets are not always the haunt of beautiful living things; they are also the chosen home of creatures which are hideous and terrible. Sometimes in the hot dreamy silent noon, when not so much as the rustle of a wing breaks the silence, the wanderer in the jungle comes upon a slimy, stagnant pool, with an alligator basking in the steaming water, to all appearances half asleep, but stealing wary glances at him all the time out of its green, half-shut, death like eyes; or tripping over the coils of an unseen vine, he perhaps crashes headlong upon the astonished back of an equally hideous but harmless lizard which is resting quietly among the foliage. These lizards are of all kinds and sizes and colors. The house lizards are gray or pale ash color; the lizards that climb on walls and rocks are stone-colored and nearly black; the forest lizards are mottled with many gray, like the lichen-covered bark of a tree; and the large arboreal lizards are of a beautiful green color.

The dragons or flying lizards are considered as really among the most curious and interesting of living reptiles. They have wing-like membranes stretching along each side of the body, by which they are enabled to pass through the air for a distance of thirty feet at a time. In "flying," they descend a little at first; but on nearing their destination rise a little, so as to arrive at their journey's end with head erect. They are very small, rarely more than two or three inches long, including the tail; and when their thin membraneous wings are fully extended they resemble an insect more than a reptile.

As day wears to its close and the shadows of evening begin to purple over the woods, a strange nightly concert of frogs begins; and the most remarkable of the monkeys, the howler, makes the primeval forests discordant with his hideous din. This monkey, which is by no means large, is, as we have already hinted, enabled to produce a tremendous booming sound, which can be compared only to the roaring of a lion or the bellowing of a bull. This it continues for some hours, and then having finished its vespers to its own satisfaction, it recommences its orisons when the first streak of dawn begins to gild the varied beauties of the jungle thickets. Then awake the restless lizards, which dart along the branches in gleams of golden light; the grass waves gently in the morning breeze over the gilding track of some early serpent; great flocks of parrots and macaws, intent on breakfast, fly off with harsh cries in the direction of some favorite fruit-trees, and settling down among the boughs, are lost to sight and sound; the sun bursts forth in a gorgeous flood of radiance, which under the great trees is mellowed to a green and tender twilight; and a silence deep as death sinks down on the renewed glories of the tropical forest.

Grains of Gold.

Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed.

Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question.

Try to see yourself through the eyes of those around you.

Give children little to do; make much of its being well done.

There would be fewer young fools if there were more wise elders.

Say not, because thou canst not do everything, "I will do nothing."

He is the only rich man who has learned to be content with what he has.

He who shows kindness towards animals will display the same characteristic towards men.

"Do come and see us!" sounds very well; but how much heart is there in it in many cases?

Much jewelry is vulgar; do not smack the lips while eating; do not cut your nails in public.

Knowledge, when in the possession of only a few, has always been turned to iniquitous purposes.

It is unfair to say that a man does good deeds only for effect, merely because he does them with effect.

All the blows we strike should be for a purpose; every nail driven should be a rivet in the machine of the universe.

Many a religious man, who would scorn to worship an idol, takes a peculiar delight in being worshipped as an idol himself.

Nothing is so wholesome, nothing does so much for people's looks, as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence.

There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificent; so much is there in the mode of doing things.

You may mend a rent in a damaged reputation so that it may not show, but you can never make the reputation quite whole again.

The plain and wholesome things of life are its greatest blessings. We are taught to pray, not for luxuries or dainties, but for daily bread.

Do nothing as it were trifling; slur no part of your work; in everything seek to do your best. Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

To know a man, observe how he wins his object rather than how he loses it; for when we fail, our pride supports us—when we succeed it betrays us.

Every degree of guilt incurred by yielding to temptation tends to debase the mind and weaken the generous and benevolent principles of human nature.

The difference between those whom the world esteems as good, and those it condemns as bad, is in many cases little else than the former have been sheltered from temptation.

Femininities.

Women should give their hearts, not lose them.

The most rapid shorthand writer in Chicago is a lady.

The lady who took everybody's eye, must have quite a lot 'em.

A contented woman is the noblest work of God—but they're scarce.

Women are hereafter to be allowed to become notaries public in Ohio.

Many a sweetly-fashioned mouth is made hideous by the fiery and untamed tongue within it.

Do not kiss the baby unless you want the diphtheria. N. B. Female babies aged seventeen not dangerous.

In one respect women are like breadstuffs—When they are uncommonly scarce they are also uncommonly dear.

Miss Waite, daughter of the Chief Justice is described as having marked personal beauty of the Portia type, intellect and vivacity.

There are two periods in a woman's life when she does not like to talk. When one is we never knew and the other we have forgotten.

Among the effects of an old lady who recently died in Maine were found 109 pairs of stockings which she had knitted and stored away.

A Camden man recently said, "Lend me a dollar. My wife has left me and I want to advertise that I am not responsible for her debts."

Edgar Fawcett wishes that "man could make love like a bird," and a chorus of bachelors is heard: "He does, Edgar, he does; like a goose."

When the blossoms and leaves of a woman's beauty fall, we may discover her defects, as we behold raven's nests in the trees in winter.

An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire.

A fashion exchange says that a pair of silk stockings, with Duchesse lace clocks, cost $50. Those clocks must require a strong financial main-spring.

If a Japanese husband tells his wife she must remain at home, and she goes out notwithstanding, he can smite her one hundred times with the bamboo.

A Chinese shoemaker has just married a pretty Boston girl. We say more emphatically than ever that the Chinese must go. Are we to be ruined by Chinese lovers?

A bad wife is a shackle on her husband's feet, a burden on his shoulders, a palsy to his hands, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart.

Adolphe to Araminta, on their way to church: "How I would I were the prayer book you clean so lovingly." Reply—"How I would you were, for then I could shut you up."

An Eastern paper alleges that a youth in Connecticut engaged to a girl, laconically deserted her with the following note: "Money is scarce and girls are plenty. Guess I will give up the contract."

A courageous Boston girl about to marry a comparatively poor young man, has requested her dear friends not to make her any wedding presents, as she may not be able to reciprocate in the future.

Princess Matilda, the niece of the King of Saxony, is one of the few marriageable daughters of Roman Catholic reigning houses, and has been for some time spoken of as the future Crown Princess of Austria.

Women often lose the men they love, and who love them. By mere wantonness or coquetry they reject, and then repent; they should be careful not to take the step too hastily, for a proud, high-minded, gifted man will seldom ask a woman twice.

The good-natured husband that is foolish enough to do shop errands for his wife never knows enough to do them properly. He is just as apt to buy paper cambric as black alpaca for sheeting, if the dry goods clerk only tells him that it is the correct thing.

A bride waited two hours after the time appointed for a wedding in Ohio, but the bridegroom did not come. It was decided to send for him before dismissing the guests. He was found at his home with one side of his face shaved, and so nervous that he had not been able to wield the razor any longer.

"Why do you look so glum and cross, William, whenever I ask you to go out with me to any party or theatre?" inquired Isabella. "My love," said William, "there would be no merit in going were I not making an awful sacrifice of my own feelings. Permit me the pleasure of showing that I go only to please, my dear."

A story comes from over the sea in regard to the death of an English lady of great beauty and many accomplishments, after several years of devoted labor among the poor of the densely populated district called "the Black Country." She nursed them when ill or wounded, and was beloved by all, and died requesting that the veil that shrouds her private history may not be lifted to satisfy the curious. She is called "Sister Dora."

A paragraph is going the rounds of the press, explaining on scientific grounds why a girl cannot throw a stone. If some scientist would kindly point out what is the safest position the bystander can occupy—whether behind or before—when she attempts it, he would be to some extent a public benefactor.

"Young Philosopher" would like to inquire what a "safety" match is, and why so called. A safety match is one in which the young man owns a span of horses, a three-story house and a seal ring, while the young lady's father is the possessor of sixty thousand dollars in government bonds, and a whole square of brick blocks.

We see that a man in Connecticut was killed the other day while "trying to board a freight train." There is reason in all these things; no doubt when the man took the freight train to board he gave it saleratus biscuit, rye coffee, and strong butter for breakfast, and tough mutton three times a week for dinner, till in a fit of dyspepsia the freight train rose up and killed him.

Facetiæ.

A long tramp—A tall vagrant.

A leading article—A halter strap.

A bad sign—A defaced guide-board.

Men who stand around waiting for a drink show a lack of cents.

If one commences to carry an umbrella in a storm, he must keep it up.

When the old folks try to sit out a young fellow and his girl, they get discounted every time.

A standing joke—Inviting a hundred people to a party in a house where there are only fifty chairs.

An unassuming traveller can make a fare display by keeping his railroad-ticket where it can be seen.

Care killed a cat, says the proverb, but the style of bootjack with which the deed was done is not mentioned.

An Iowa man was converted one night, and the next day bet a man he would stick to his religion for a year.

"How do they make letter paper, Mr. Harkins?" said his wife. "With stationery engines," replied Harkins.

Happy thought! The reason why a gale is so destructive is because the wind is blowing in the same direction with it.

There is something peculiarly weird in listening to a 240-pound woman singing, "Tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate."

"Yes, I'm a good dancer," said the barber as he sheared off the blonde locks of a customer. "See me clip the light fantastic tow."

Probably the happiest combination in all this wide world, during these merry winter days, is half a mince pie with a boy around it.

"Why Willie," said his mother at dinner, "you can't possibly eat another plate of pudding, can you?" "Oh, yes, I can, ma; one more plate will just fill the Bill."

It may seem a little late to express sympathy, but if Job ever had a ripe and blooming boil fair and square on his Adam's apple, he has our heartiest condolence.

A Parisian told his boarding house keeper that the coffee had only one great merit and one great fault. The merit that it had no chicory in it, and the fault that there was no coffee in it.

"No doubt," said a footman to a short, little gentleman who had insulted him, "you think yourself three times as good as I am, for I am only a footman, while you are a three-foot man."

A Scotch lady had invited a gentleman to dinner on a particular day, and he had accepted with the reservation, "if I'm spared." "Weel, weel," said the lady, "if ye're dead I'll not expect ye."

In this country a boy has too much to fight. First, it's his mother's slipper; next, Fourth of July; then green apples; and, finally, Santa Claus, a rickety pair of skates, and an airhole in the ice.

A pair of pants—two dogs after a long chase. A pair of slippers—two eels. A pair of shoes—two women chasing a hen. A pair o' docs"—two physicians. A pair o' dies—two drowning kittens.

Among other recipes, an exchange gives one to change red hair yellow. Well, yellow hair has its advantages. Among others, it is an excellent match for butter, and that's something, surely.

An elephant once nearly killed an Irishman for an insult offered to his trunk. The act was rash in the extreme; but it was impossible, the Hibernian said, to resist a nose you could pull with both hands.

Mother to her bad boy—"If you'll behave all day to-day I'll give you something to-morrow." Bad boy to his sister—"What'll she give me—do you know? Will it pay me for the trouble of behaving myself?"

A youngster, fond of visiting museums, of a speculative turn of mind, and very affectionate, startled his mother the other day by remarking that if she died he would stuff her so that he could sit in her lap all the time.

Speak gently, speak gently: no matter how much bigger and how much broader across the shoulders than yourself the other man is, nor how cross he looks, speak gently. The bigger and broader and crosser—the gentler.

"How like its father it is!" exclaimed the nurse on the occasion of the christening of a baby whose father was over seventy, and had married a young wife. "Very like," replied a spiteful lady, "it has a tooth in its head!"

A couple of daring foot-pads garroted an eminently respectable resident the other night, choked him, tore off his coat, and ruthlessly robbed him of his liver pad, which they supposed was a receptacle for United States bonds and treasury notes.

He was a handsome young man who bowed ladies into the store. He cut another fellow out of his girl, whereupon the other fellow put up an artistic shade over his optics. Then he wrote to the inconstant one in an ironic vein: "Come to the bower I have shaded for thee."

"Get up, Harry dear! There's ice in the water bucket and what shall I do?" said a cheerful wife on a recent frosty morning. "Ice—is there?" returned Harry, who had been at the club the night previous. "Well, Marie, you had better crack up some, and make me a pitcher of ice water."

Here and there in some parts of the country you find some of the good old-fashioned people sticking to the royal old flannel-bound hot brick, which they put into the bottom of the sleigh when they start out. The old man usually gets home, however, with the brick wrapped up in his hat.

One Cold is sometimes contracted on top of another, the accompanying Cough becoming settled and confirmed, and the lungs so strained and racked that the production of tubercles frequently follows. Many existing cases of Pulmonary Disease may be thus accounted for, and yet how many otherwise now carelessly allowing themselves to drift through the preliminary symptoms, controlled by the fatal policy of allowing a Cold to take care of itself! On the first intimation of a Cough or Cold, or any Throat or Lung trouble, resort promptly to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a safe curative of long established reputation, and you may avoid the consequences of such dangerous trifling.

INCONSTANCY.

A stripling plucks a flower fair;
The bright gold of a maiden's hair,
The azure of their eyes, are there.
Too fervent is his clasped hand's heat—
The blossom's fragrance lasts an hour
He dropped it wilted at his feet,
And plucks another flower.

His maiden love, with soft caress
And low words full of tenderness,
He close unto his heart doth press,
His kisses steal away the rose
That blooms in blushes on her cheek.
A brief hour's bliss—then forth he goes
Another maid to seek.

OBSERVATION AND MEMORY.

THE famous Thurlow, Lord Chancellor of England, was once complimented on his extraordinary memory. He said in reply: "He had no merit in having a good memory, for memory was only the result of attention." By this he meant close observation of what is seen, heard, or read.

Sir Walter Scott was as remarkable for a good memory as Thurlow, and in some respects more so. His power of observation was extraordinary. We have evidence of this in his popular fictions. The bulk of them are composed of scraps of remembrances, as to what he had seen, heard, or read, put together and embellished by the imaginative faculty. Nothing escaped him. If in walking out he accidentally overheard a peculiar vernacular phrase, down it went in his memory.

Dickens had the same capacity and zest in observing and treasuring up the personal appearance and phraseology of individuals whom he chanced to encounter.

There are diversities in this exercise of memory. Some are good at remembering dates, some at personal oddities, some at languages, some at miscellaneous occurrences, some at recollecting sermons and conversations; the specialty in each case being due to a particular idiosyncrasy of character. Boswell's power of recording his conversations with Johnson, is perhaps the most marvellous thing of the kind ever heard of.

Most persons will have experienced a strange forgetfulness of names and circumstances until something occurs to bring them to remembrance. Sometimes the memory revives very curiously in illness. There have been men who when ill have spoken a foreign language, which when well they had forgotten; but these revivals of memory seem to point to the conclusion that we do not really forget anything in the strict sense of the word. It may be that we cannot at a given moment recall this or that to mind, but still it is laid up we know not how in a secret storehouse of the brain, and when we least expect it, may suddenly be brought again to light. Sometimes the memory thus revived is one of early childhood, as in the case related of a clergyman who on visiting a certain castle felt convinced he must have seen it before, and that when he did there were donkeys under the gateway and some people on top of it. By inquiry he actually ascertained that he had been there with a picnic party, who made the excursion on donkeys, when he was only about eighteen months old.

There is a form of revived recollection which impresses one with awe rather than mere wonder. It is when the whole picture of a lifetime flashes at once into the mind. That this occurs sometimes when death or peril of death is imminent, is quite certain. It may be that it occurs very frequently before actual death, but this we cannot know, as all the instances of which we have accounts are those in which a man has described his sensations after having been saved from dying. Most of the cases are those of drowning men. When all hope of being saved is gone, and the very struggle with the water is one made without conscious effort, it would seem that without being prompted by the will, the memory suddenly grasps at once the deeds of the life that now appears about to close, and at the same time—and this is the most singular part of the phenomenon—recognizes the moral rectitude or wrong of each act. There is a case of this kind recorded of an English naval officer who thus remembered the events of his life at the moment when he was struggling hopelessly in the wake of the ship from which he had fallen; and he confessed that he had been especially struck by the sudden coming into his thoughts of a schoolboy lie that he had long forgotten; there it was with all its circumstances, so that he felt pained at the meanness of the deceit.

There are a few cases where the peril was of another kind. Thus in one instance, a horse stopped suddenly in the darkness, and frantically resisted all the rider's endeavors to force him onwards; until the man peering through the night saw that he had missed his way and was trying to urge his horse over the sharp brink of a hidden precipice. As the danger flashed upon him, with the knowledge of it came in one rush the record of his life. This point gives rise to a number of important considerations as to the character of the memory, and especially it gives great force to the theory that we never really forget anything. It seems too to suggest that the power of the memory receives an access of strength in the last moments of life; and other facts point in the same direction. Thus on the authority of a German pastor it is said that numbers of German emigrants in this country who have forgotten their native tongue, recover it and use it upon their death bed; and one writer quotes the touching story of an idiot who had been left an orphan in early childhood, and in boyhood had never known what a mother's care was, dying with a smile on his face, and with the words: "My mother! How beautiful!" on his lips.

We have referred to the theory of our not ultimately forgetting anything: but the question arises, if this theory be true, what degree of advertence is sufficient to impress a fact on the memory? We know how common it is for old people to be apparently quite unable to remember more recent events, while they have nevertheless a vivid recollection of those of earlier life. Every reader of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* will remember a notable instance of this actually occurring. A servant girl in some German town fell ill, and in her ravings began to speak Hebrew in plain connected sentences. She knew no language but her own; and the matter seemed an insoluble mystery, until inquiry revealed the fact that she had once been in the service of a Protestant pastor who was a good Hebrew scholar, and used often to read some Rabbinical treatises aloud, walking up and down the common room of the house while the servant was at her work. Now it is quite certain that any one who is ignorant of a foreign language cannot repeat a dozen words out of a reading thus heard by chance; yet under peculiar conditions the fact was revealed that whole pages of a language, of which she knew not the meaning of a single word, had thus been accidentally stored up in this girl's memory!

HISTORY OF CARPETS.

CARPETS came from the East, and their manufacture dates far back into antiquity. The Babylonians made them; they formed a noted branch of manufacture in Turkey and Persia before they were known elsewhere in Europe. The Mohammedan who prostrates himself many times a day upon the ground found it convenient to have something on which to kneel and which he could easily carry with him, while a like habit of sitting cross-legged upon the floor made the same material first a comfort, then an ornament to his house. To these uses we may probably trace the custom in all Oriental countries, copied largely by France, of having carpets in one piece and then to only partially cover the floor, or the use of rugs merely before the principal pieces of furniture. It is only in the United States, England and Germany at the present day that carpets are universally used covering the entire floor, and where the plan of waxing floors, as in France, is almost entirely unknown. Those who have painfully walked through some of the palaces of Europe, shuffling along in felt slippers, or endeavoring to stand upright in them, realize the comforts of a well-covered floor, as well as the great addition to the beauty of a well-furnished house.

It is somewhat singular that the English should have been so late as they were in discovering the utility of carpets, for while they did not need them for the act of worship, the climate would naturally suggest such an addition to warmth. Yet we learn from history that as late as the reigns of Queens Mary and Elizabeth rushes were used, even in the palaces, though carpets had been imported to some extent from the East. Shakespeare occasionally refers to them, and Bacon, who was contemporary with him, describes a reception thus: "Against the wall, in the middle of the half pace, is a chair placed before him with a table and carpet before it;" from which it will be seen that the first carpets in use then were the same as we find in the East now, more squares or rugs. At that day they were considered as luxuries, and for common daily use the English adhered tenaciously to their straw and rushes.

Not much is known of the earliest Eastern fabrics, but as these nations change but slowly it is safe to assume that the first carpets were rain tapestries, made by hand, as they are made at the present day. The process of fastening woollen into a warp with the fingers was exceedingly slow and tedious, but this is of small account in countries where labor is of so little value. The same process in France at the present day makes the Gobelins' tapestries of immense value, so that they rarely, if ever, come into the market, but are reserved for royalty. Many years are sometimes occupied in producing some of the more ornate pieces. Portraits and pictures of birds, animals and flowers are accurately and beautifully reproduced, and what is most wonderful is, that the artist works with the back of the tapestry towards him. He can only see what he has accomplished by going round to inspect it when he stops for dinner or leaves at night.

From this tapestry has sprung undoubtedly all our modern carpets. When the manufacture was taken up in England, devices were employed to multiply the fabrics and to cheapen them. This led to the hand-loom and subsequently to machinery and the use of power. Good imitations of Turkish carpets were made at Axminster and were called after the name of the town. Few people have any idea of the process of manufacture. It is one of the few remaining branches of Turkish industry.

The methods of work in the ancient Turkish towns are of the simplest and rudest description. A vertical frame supports two horizontal rollers about five feet apart. The warp, of any required length, consisting of an upper and lower thread, is wound around the upper roller and the ends are fastened to the lower one by the girls, who sit cross-legged in a row before the frame. Each workwoman has a certain width allotted to her, and proceeds to knot the tufts which form the pile in rows, using different colors to form the pattern. The tying of the tufts and the picking out of various colored wools, which hang in balls over the frame, is carried on with surprising rapidity. The pattern being worked solely from memory, yet with the aid of the rude frame, a pair of shears and comb, the workers contrive to produce the most harmoniously colored and certainly the most durable carpets in the trade. European taste has done much to foster this manufacture, but has never been able to improve it.

ETIQUETTE AT THE CAPITAL.

IT may be of interest to know how far the forms of society more or less extant in social government circles all over the world, obtains in this country.

In our own country at Washington the President and his wife receive all calls and return none. During the session of Congress stated receptions are given, which all may attend. A morning reception should be attended in the usual morning reception costume, but it is not considered respectful to appear in less than evening toilet at an evening reception and for an evening call merely demi toilette is preferable. When entering, your name is announced by the usher, whereupon the Marshal of the District introduces you to the President and afterwards to other members of the family who may be present. Any invitation sent by the President takes precedence of all other invitations, even if previously accepted. Communications to Cabinet officers should be addressed to "The Honorable the Secretary of State;" the Vice-President as "Mr. Vice President," and the Chief-Justice as "Mr. Chief-Justice." Abbreviations are not allowable in ceremonious notes. In case, however, of any long diplomatic title write out part of it in full, and let an added line of etceteras indicate the remainder.

It is a vexed question as to whom properly belongs the second place in social grade, the Chief-Justice or the Vice-President. Much may be said on both sides. The significance, of our social etiquette is not personal, but political, and it simply resolves itself to the question which is of more political importance, the Chief-Justice or the Vice-President. The first name is certainly, in some respects, much more responsible and dignified. He holds the power of ultimate appeal; he can at times control the Executive, and holding his office for life he is a fixed star in the National firmament. The Vice-President, simply as Vice-President, has no special political significance. His greatness is anticipatory rather than actual, consisting in the remote contingency of his becoming President, and the dignity of his position arises from his being President of the United States Senate. A social congress should be called to settle these weighty matters of the law, and until that is done the dilemma may be met as a distinguished Washington lady meets it, by not inviting these two dignitaries to her table at the same time.

In regard to the Cabinet great confusion of opinion prevails as to the question of social precedence. The order observed is the priority in which the offices were created—viz., the State, the Treasury, the War, the Navy, the General Post Office, the Interior, and the Department of Justice.

The difference of opinion as to who should receive the first visit, the Cabinet officer or the Senator, is gradually being decided in favor of the Senator.

The ladies of the Cabinet probably work harder through the season than any one else in Washington. The demands upon their time and strength are enormous, and it must require a good deal of muscular Christianity to go through the crush of a "card reception" in the height of the season. In the matter of invitations, the invitation should be sent in season, and the answer should be positive and should be given at once, and given in writing. Especially is this case in regard to dinner invitations.

Punctuality here is the cardinal virtue. Repeat in the answer the formula of time and place, so that there may be no misunderstanding as to time and place. Say yes or no. It is all well enough to coquette with your lover, and doubtless to "mean yes, and say no, comes natural to women;" but the man who asks you to dine is not to be trifled with.

It has always been considered snobbish for a woman to shine in the reflected glory of her husband's title, as "Mrs. General," "Mrs. Senator," &c., yet the usage gains ground. It at once identifies people, and is admissable. Members of the House of Representatives and their wives are expected to make the first call on all the officials above named.

While official life in Washington is under many restrictions and limitations, private and social life, with the advantages of meeting the brightest and pleasantest people in the land, and with its freedom of selection, offers unusual opportunities for enjoyment.

New Publications.

"The Westminster Review" and the "Edinburgh Review" have just been republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York. "The Edinburg Review" opens with an article of timely interest on "The New Golden Age," giving the early history of gold finding and the effect of the new mines on the value of money, &c. "The True Tale of the Cenci" is an interesting review of M. Bertolatte's new work on the Cenci family. This is followed by "Mental Physiology." "Memoirs of Mrs. Jameson." "The Road to India" considers the practicability of railroad communication between the Mediterranean Sea and Persian Gulf; "Campanella and Modern Italian Thought;" "Walpole's England in the Nineteenth Century;" "Discoveries of Olympia" gives an account of the explorations made by the Germans since 1875; "The Government and the Opposition."

"The Westminster Review" opens with a review of "Dr. Johnson, his Biographers and Critics;" "The Papacy, its early relations with Roman Catholic States," gives a retrospective review of its origin and policy; "The Russians in Turkey" discusses the atrocities perpetrated by the Russians and other matters relative to the Berlin treaty and England's Asiatic Empire;" "The Catroll Family" describes an interesting episode in Italian history, suggested by the gallant conduct of the prime minister Catroll in the late attempted assassination of the King; the article on Afghanistan is of very timely interest; "Niccolo Machiavelli and His Times" are discussed in a very interesting article. The rest of the contents are "India and the Colonial Empire of England;" "Contemporary Literature" includes Theology, Philosophy, Political Sociology, Travels and Voyages, Science, History and Biography, Belles Lettres, and Miscellany.

The March number of "While Awake" is laden with attractive illustrations and stories for children. The frontispiece is a mid winter scene by Robert Lewis, accompanying the poem by Caroline Leslie. "Why Didn't He Catch a Fox?" is an amusing story by J. E. Stewart, and four illustrations by Boz; "How Maude Kept Watch" is a poem by Mary D. Brine; an exceedingly interesting description is given of the "Perkin's Institution and Massachusett's School for the Blind," with twelve illustrations; Margaret Preston has a poem called "The Child Raphael," with illustration by Miss Humphrey; Chapters VI and VII are given of the serial "The Dogberry Bunch;" "Johnny Skye and What Came of His Skating" is told in verse by J. E. Nutting; the interesting series on American artists gives a sketch of Robert Twain Gifford, with several fine illustrations, including his portrait. The remaining contents are "Royal Lowrie's Last Year at St. Olave's," chapters IV and VI" "Waking up a Bear," in verse by Maurice Thompson; "How Elsie Hurried the Spring," by L. G. Warner; an interesting account of "Shetland Women," by Edward Roberts; Chapter III of "Don Quixote, Jr.," by John Brown Joan; "The True Story of a Tame Crow," by Mrs. H. H. Stuart; "Motherly Duties," a poem by Kate Brearly Ford; "One Winter Day," by Tangles; "The Snow Drop," (music.) Published by D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, Mass.

The March number of "Appleton's Journal" opens with a novelette entitled "My Comedy" from the pen of Barnet Phillips, author of a "A Struggle," one of the most attractive stories published in Appleton's "Handy Volume Series." This is followed by the concluding part of the article on Spencer Walpole's History of England from the conclusion of the great war in 1815, just published in England. "Musical Romanticism," showing the real source of enjoyment of music. An entertaining article on the "Evil Eye," gives the various superstitions relating to it. The rest of the contents are an article on "Dr. Smile's Works on Self-Help," a paper from Blackwood's called "Two Ladies" discussing the two recent volumes, Mrs. Kemble's "Recollections of Girlhood," and the "Memoirs of Mrs. Jameson." "The Romance of a Painter," is concluded. "Town Bred Poets," while the "Editor's Table" discusses "Paganism in Fiction," "Fitness in Art," "The City Beautiful," "Water Colors," etc.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for March contains a great variety of interesting articles, beginning with one on the "Electric Light" by Prof. Tyndall. "The Aard-Vark, or Earth Hog," is described by E. Onstalet. "Science and Socialism" are discussed by Prof. Oscar Schmidt. "The First Three Years of Childhood," is an interesting article on the mental development of children under three years. J. Norman Lockyer contributes an article on "The Chemical Elements." The rest of the contents are "Experiments with Living Human Beings," by George M. Beard. "Atheism and the Church," by Rev. Canon Carter; "The Sting of the Honey Bee," "Reflex Action and Disease," by L. Lander Brinton. "Is Conscience Primitive," by Warring Wilkinson. "Fire and their Causes," "The Sun's Long Streamers," "Sketch of Christian G. Ehrenberg" with his portrait. "The Editor's Table" and "Popular Miscellany" are full of interesting matter.

News Notes.

A particular Maryland bank won't cash checks that are indorsed upside down.

"Low bedsteads, that burglars cannot crawl under," are advertised out West.

The leading temperance worker in Racine, Wis., is the wife of a liquor dealer.

Henry H. Crocker has just died, in Iowa, of sunstroke. He was sunstruck last July.

Gladstone's admirers intend to build a hospital to his memory that will cost $110,000.

The Town Treasurer of Kennebunkport, Me., gets $25 a year, and gives bonds for $12,000.

"Mme. Anderson" has been fined $25 and costs for walking for a wager on the Sabbath at Pittsburg.

The owner of several fine brick houses is no longer a beneficiary of the Lancaster, Pa., Free Soup Society.

The first horse to draw a street car in Montreal has just died, after seventeen years' continuous service.

In a single county in Texas there are 636,000 sheep, a larger number than in any other county in the Union.

Ben Butler's annual income from money invested in stocks and bonds at Lowell, Mass., is rated in the tax list at $75,000.

At "Cinderella dances," a new idea, the guests arrive at eight and leave at twelve. Lemonade is the only refreshment.

Lewis G. Goldsmith is to start from Boston next Summer, in a boat eighteen feet long, to make a voyage round the world.

The word "refreshing" has been in use only a few years. Byron ridiculed it, and in his day it was considered a piece of slang.

A cigar dealer in New York has hung in his window a list of the names of his non-paying customers, with amounts due, large and small.

A Michigan editor advertises his paper for sale, saying that he desires to put many hundred miles between himself and his mother-in-law.

In Clearfield county, this State, the amount of small game frozen during the winter is so large as to excite fear of an entire extermination of some kinds.

At the end of January the number of paupers in London was 88,063, which is a marked increase over the same month in 1878 and 1877, but is less than in 1876.

Utah having in a measure retired from the business, Arizona, by new laws, offers extraordinary facilities to those seeking divorce without publicity and for slight cause.

The heading of an account in a San Francisco newspaper of a mining accident, "One Man and Twelve Chinese Killed," is an indication of the ruling feeling on the Pacific coast.

Mr. Joseph Arch, the English labor agitator, is disgusted with the corruption among the officers of the Agricultural Laborers' Union. He says that it costs $35,000 to collect $50,000.

The late Pope Pius IX., it is said, never allowed a lady to kiss his foot at his audiences, but always presented his hand instead. Pope Leo XIII., however, looks upon it with a calm indifference.

A San Franciscan, who was sued for the value of half a dozen shirts made to his order, pleaded a misfit, and appeared upon the witness-stand wearing one of the garments. He won the case.

The Vatican is to have its own journal, published in Italian, French, English, German and Spanish. All the Papal briefs and allocutions in the original text, but with translations, will appear in it.

Mr. Swift Johnson, a young American has gained a scholarship in Trinity College, Dublin, but being an alien his right to it has been disputed, and the matter is to be argued before the university authorities.

Father Tom Burke and the historian Froude are very warm enemies on paper, but are personal friends, and when Father Tom was in England Froude insisted on making the distinguished Irishman his guest.

It is estimated that nearly one thousand hunters were chasing and slaughtering Michigan deer this winter. Hundreds have been killed from pure wantonness and left where they fell, nothing but the hides being taken.

The public domain of Texas originally consisted of about 220,000,000 acres of land, but it has been voted and frittered away until now only 31,000,000 acres are left, and of this amount not more than 1,000,000 are worth owning.

Sporting men in Connecticut are alarmed at the discovery that there is upon the statute books a provision that every horse used in races on which any wager is to be laid or any purse or stake offered shall be forfeited to the State.

In Norway a horse can help himself to water as he does to hay, from a trough kept full of it, and accordingly drinks like a human being at meals—a sip, then some hay and so on. Broken winded horses are almost unknown in Norway.

A paragraph to the effect that the benevolent Mayor of Rockport, Ill., has presented all the bootblacks and newsboys of that city with a new suit of clothes has been going the rounds. It turns out that Rockport has only two newsboys and one bootblack.

Ladies Returning from the Sea-Side,

and from interior spas and watering places, will find LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH a certain means of effacing tan, freckles, and other disfigurements caused by exposure to the sun and air. Nor will they incur the slightest risk in using this beauty-giving article, since it does not contain a single constituent prejudicial to health. In this, as in every other respect, it is immeasurably superior to all other preparations for the skin. It obviates every defect of the complexion and imparts an additional charm to the fairest face.

The Arkansas wild grape vine is gathered and shipped to France, to be used for grafting stock.

A Liverpool man has been fined fifteen times for refusing to have his children vaccinated.

Mrs. Mary Hoopes, deceased, West Chester, willed $2,500 for the support of a dog until its death.

The six-year old daughter of a convict has been picked up drunk in the streets of Chattanooga.

The new steel mill of the Cambria Iron Company will be ready to go into operation about the 1st of March.

It has just been ascertained that Kansas City, Mo., is situated exactly in the centre of the American continent.

Oil City is in a rapid decline. There was but one solitary transaction in Oil City the other day at the Exchange.

A correspondent of the London *Times* says that celery cooked in milk and thickened with flour, will cure rheumatism.

On the leading avenues of Rome the guards now patrol the whole length of the way when the King and Queen are expected.

Henry Goodyear, the well-known india-rubber manufacturer, died in Paris on Tuesday night. His funeral took place on Thursday, and was largely attended by Americans.

At the last Deadwood, (Black Hills) ball the German was danced, and one real live banker passed the coffee, while a rival banker passed the cake. The ladies wore ten-buttoned gloves and diamonds that would stagger some of our Philadelphia belles.

A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN AUTHOR

Referring to his own complete restoration to health through the use of "Compound Oxygen," after many years of invalidism and exhaustion from overwork T. S. ARTHUR, the well-known American author, says, in his Home Magazine, under date of February, 1878: "Drs. Starkey and Palen are physicians in regular standing, of high personal character, and above the suspicion of quackery or pretense. A new curative agent has come into their possession, and their administration of it, so far, has resulted in restoring to health many who had regarded their ailments as incurable, and in giving back a good measure of health to a large number of invalids who had vainly sought for help through other means of cure." The testimony of others as well known to the public will be found in our Treatise on the Nature, Action and Results of "Compound Oxygen." It is mailed free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

TOILETTES of almost every description appear made with a jacket in some form or other, either models of the corsage Louis XIV., the casaquin, the basquine, or else founded upon one of these, all enjoying an equal amount of favor. A couturiere is no longer embarrassed in the choice of a model, it being very sure one of those named will be chosen, whether for theatre, evening, visiting, or dinner toilette. Considerable favor is being accorded to a charming model of a casaque of nacarat velvet. The waistcoat, collar and revers are of satin, and the buttons of open, fine cut steel.

This corsage is cut in a style peculiar to itself, the front and back are longer than the sides, and under the form of a wide bias, a basque is added from the last of the front pleats to the side piece of the back. This basque is adapted to the corsage, below the waist, and made to fit closely to the figure; another detail necessary to observe is the "dumps" (or leaden weights), must be added at the front and back edges of the corsage to keep them in place.

The success of the different shades of red-such as carombier, nacarat, garnet and Bordeaux is owing doubtless partially to the fact that they are amongst the number of colors which remain unchanged in the different lights. Navy blue, Russian green, otter color, and velvet become black in artificial light the appearance, therefore, of these tints at an evening entertainment, or even on ordinary occasions, would have a most gloomy effect, equal to that of mourning toilette, without the relief of such colors as tints of red. A new model of a toilette of this description is of nacarat woolen crape (crepe delaine); nacarat it may be added, is a shade less striking than carombier. The middle of the front of the corsage is ornamented with a long point of Pekin to match, with fine stripes of velvet and satin. The point designs a long V, and is terminated by a bow of very narrow satin and velvet ribbon. From the beginning of the plastron, the corsage is separate from the skirt, which is draped in regular folds in front, each fold being fastened by a bow similar to that on the corsage. The sides of the skirt are striped with two bands of Pekin, one of which is continued to border the tablier, and the other the bouillonnee at the back. The skirt is bordered with a pleating of Pekin.

The requisite finish to toilettes of almost every description is a jabot of muslin and Breton lace.

The matinee has a very prominent place in the toilette at the present time, and no expense or material is spared to render it as [illegible]. The two following are among the newest models. The first is of checkered foulard, of carombier tint, the shape long and semi-fitting, with five seams in the back, which is open at the edge, showing a pleating. The front is composed of a pleated plastron, and a wide turned-down collar is equally pleated. A jabot of Breton lace ornaments the opening of the plastron, and the neck is finished with a collarette of the same lace. The second matinee is of sky-blue Indian cashmere; it is long and ample, reaching almost to the knees. The back without a seam, is gathered in the middle at intervals, simulating a gathered plastron, reaching to about four inches from the waist, from which come two ends of ribbon to form a waistband. The front is gathered in the same, style, from below the shoulders, four rows of Breton lace ornament the lower part of the garment. The sleeves are puffed and gathered to a little below the elbow, and are then finished with a frill. With these morning toilettes may be mentioned a small cap, very much in favor with young married ladies. It is very simply made, consisting merely of a square of batiste or foulard, formed into a puff, a fanchon, a *Catalan* coiffure, etc., then adding a bow in the middle or at the side. A very suitable tissue for these coquettish headdresses is a particular kind of black foulard, with a horn done in Russian embroidery, in a number of bright colors. A frill of white Breton lace is added at the edge, with admirable effect.

Here is a black silk costume for the house which will suit almost everyone: the train is long, quite plain, with only three little plaited frills round the edge and underneath, a very full balayeuse, no second skirt, but in front a tablier of chenille fringe mixed with jet. This tablier is carried back slantingly over the train, and is fastened together in the centre over the frills by two tassels to match the fringe; you will find this very elegant. If you have good black lace you may employ it instead of the fringe. Corsage extends to waist with jet waist-belt. No sleeves, but a row of the fringe or lace to fall over the top of the arm. A bow of silk on the shoulder. If one wishes, under-sleeves of black lace or gauze to the elbows may be added, but no sleeves is more fashionable. Most dinner and evening dresses, when not intended for dancing, are made high with no sleeves; this keeps the chest warm, and the dress acquires elegance by being short-sleeved.

Jabots are made in two different styles, some a la Louis XIV., and some a la Louis XV. The Louis XV. are made exactly like the cravats worn during the reign of that monarch, that is with a neck-piece, and straight ends of muslin in front, edged with lace; but consult the engravings of the time. The Louis XV. jabot is much longer; it is formed by a bow of lace at the top, from which descends a *coquille* of narrow ribbon, with a frill of lace running in and out of the ribbon *coquilles*. The whole is sewn on to a narrow band of muslin, to be tacked to the edge of the waistcoat with which it is worn.

To describe the variety of bows which are now worn at the neck would be almost an impossibility, they are so various. The best way, perhaps, is not to make any at all, but to tie up a lace handkerchief into a bow, and to pin that to the neck of the dress when required.

A propos of lace handkerchiefs, it is the fashion now to have the wearer's initials embroidered in the centre of the handkerchief, whilst the corners are embroidered in a flower pattern. Morning handkerchiefs are edged round with embroidered scallops, and evening handkerchiefs are edged with as much lace as possible; leave merely enough muslin in the centre for the initial, and that will suffice. You may say, indeed, that a fashionable handkerchief now consists of an initial, edged round with a lace insertion, which is edged round with an insertion of embroidered muslin, which is edged round with lace, and then again with muslin, and so on, till the square or round is completed, when the whole is edged round with a deep plaiting of rich lace. *Voila.* Very easy to make this handkerchief, if you have plenty of real lace and embroidered muslin insertion at hand.

Many bonnets for carriage, calling, and evening wear are white, trimmed with Breton lace. Ribbed silk, white satin, velvet, and even net are stretched plainly over the frame, and Breton lace (about two or three inches wide) is arranged either as rows across the crown, or else in two rows round the brim and curtain, the lace being so finely plaited that it looks as though it were crimped. Strings of Indian mull muslin, edged with Breton lace, are sometimes added. Such strings are about a quarter of a yard wide and very long, being tied in a soft bow beneath the chin. Black satin, garnet, navy blue, and black velvet bonnets have sometimes white strings of this dressy description, and very effective they prove.

The fashion of small bonnets still continues, and they are nearly all tied under the chin; but the shapes are various. There is a close-fitting shape, made generally in velvet, and draped with a mantilla scarf of black or white lace, fastened upon the bonnet at the top with a bouquet of flowers, and tied under the chin. A pretty one in this style is made in black velvet, with a scarf of black lace put on the bonnet with a large bouquet of dark red carnations, and fastened under the chin by a small diamond lizard, an ornament which is just now a great favorite. Another of the same shape was a garnet velvet, with a narrow cord of silver at the edge, and a scarf of lovely old point, draped with the palest pink blush roses and silver ornaments, and pinned under the chin with one of the same and a single rose.

Fireside Chat.

HOME CONTRIVANCES.—No one who has not tried can form any idea of how many useful "contrivances" there are in the world;—of how many apparent impossibilities may be conquered, how many ends widely asunder may be drawn together;—of how many difficulties may be surmounted, and dangers averted, by the practical application of a little of the floating ingenuity to be found in every family.

Everyone knows that necessity is the mother of invention, and a careful, energetic, prudent mother she is, fostering her offspring in youth that she may be fostered by them in age; but it is something short of actual necessity which calls for contrivances, and something short of invention which supplies them.

When the drawing-room furniture becomes actually shabby, instead of packing off the chairs and couches to the furniture shop to be re-covered, or exchanging them at a great sacrifice for new ones—which will necessitate new carpet, rug, and curtains, or at least make the old ones look very guilty and downcast—they should be tastefully and carefully covered at home; they will look just as pretty, frequently prettier, than if they had been sent to the upholsterer, without putting their surroundings to the blush. Even when their shape is old-fashioned, a little contrivance does wonders; the shabbiest and most ungainly couch can be made to look not only passably, but positively pretty, by a well-made cover of some soft, self-colored washing material with a floral border, or a delicate patterned chintz or cretonne; a cover contrived to conceal defects, tone down angularities, supply deficiencies, and present a grateful outline to the eye. If the back is stiff and awkward, try what a few soft square cushions carelessly placed will do! If the ends are straight and prim, pad them well with cheap wadding, see that the covers do not drag, and avoid attracting attention to them by ornamenting them with snowy antimacassars. The fragments of lace and satin, so fashionable and popular, and we may say plentiful in the modern drawing-room, look well on handsome chairs, which they are meant to ornament, not protect from either dust or friction, but a pretty antimacassar on a shabby chair or lounge only makes the shabbiness more painfully apparent.

Is there a vacant and bare-looking corner in your back drawing-room, or breakfast room? Think what a nice ottoman can be easily contrived to fill it up—one of those empty square trunks in the box-room, a few yards of gray wadding, which costs little per yard, and a few yards of chintz or cretonne. Have a small, neat pattern with a clear ground. Contrive your cover to fit well—that is the main point; don't let it be too short, or too long, or too wide, or too narrow, nor have one side full and the other skimpy. Above all, have the corners exact, and get the sides to hang evenly and gracefully; place it cornerways; place all furniture—couches, easy chairs, tables—at some angle—a correct one to the eye, if you can—and the result will be surprising. We have seen pretty, tasteful, modern furniture look stiff and old-fashioned from being arranged in lines, and a well worn old suite look effective and charming from artistic arrangement, and a few cleverly contrived aids in the way of cushions, covers, and padding.

Having transformed an unsightly box into a pretty and useful article of furniture, we may, in houses where such contrivances are not needed or permitted in the drawing-room, with great advantage transfer it to the bedroom, where a pretty seat in a window, or by the fire, is not only a great comfort, but a box in the disguise of an ottoman relieves overcrowded drawers and wardrobes, so adding to comfort and orderliness; and here we may say that without orderliness there can be no real comfort, hardly can we hope to maintain perfect health; and without health there is no happiness.

All covers should be made to wash, and come off easily, therefore tacks should be religiously avoided; the cushion, which must be made separately, ought to come over the edge of the box a little, and be firmly tied on with tape; the covers, if you can contrive to make them fit properly, require no fastening. Not only may empty boxes be utilized, but dressing-tables too shabby for respectability, too old fashioned for pleasant contemplation—for the eye delights in novelty—useless to the furniture dealer, yet too good to be broken up for firewood, can by the judicious use of colored roll muslin, and old lace or leno window curtains, or even worn-out tarletan evening dresses, be transformed into tasteful, graceful toilet-tables. We have seen a pretty and most convenient dressing table contrived, on a pinch, from two rough looking deal packing-cases placed on their ends, and the leaf of a table placed on top; each box was covered all round with pink glazed calico, tacked on tightly, and that draped with the best portions of a pair of old lace hangings that had lain in a drawer for years, discarded as utterly useless. There was a frill about eight inches deep tacked to the table-leaf, and the whole finished by a white dimity toilet-cover trimmed with fringe. The contrivance was not only pretty to look at, but it was a most comfortable table to sit at, the space between the packing-cases being most convenient for the feet.

Book-shelves for the bed-room may be easily contrived from the boards of old boxes, which in some mysterious way accumulate about a house. Three pieces should be selected, of three sizes; carefully paper them, and when thoroughly dry, have a hole bored in each corner about half an inch from the edge; get a few yards of green or red window-cord, pass it through the holes of the largest shelf, then place four firm knots on the four ends at equal distances, then draw the ends through the holes of the second-sized shelf, and so with the third; then fasten all four ends firmly together, leaving the two front ones a little longer than those meant to be next the wall. When the shelves are firmly and evenly hung up, get a few yards of ornamental leather and tack it round the ends and front of the shelves. It hides the edges of the board and the knots on the cord, and most important of all, keeps the dust from the books.

Calling on an acquaintance, not very long ago, I observed a hearth rug of a very original design in the breakfast room; it was entirely composed of shreds of cloth, blue, black, scarlet, and gray, about three inches in length and half an inch wide, arranged in a systematic and pretty pattern, the gray forming the walls of Troy as a border on a black ground, the centre an intricate design of stars and squares, the whole stitched firmly and neatly on a piece of coarse canvas. It was large, comfortable, pretty-looking, and would doubtless last a long time; and, I was informed, had been made by the servant during the leisure hours of two winters.

"But where," I asked, "did she get all the pieces of cloth?"

"Collected them patiently and carefully," was the reply; "saved scraps left from the children's clothes. I fancy she must have a particular friend a tailor, for she has manufactured a sort of winter rug for her bed entirely from cloth selvages, and one for mine, very pretty and beautifully warm, from fragments of scarlet flannel collected with patience, and put together with a great deal of ingenuity."

Apropos of rugs I would give a hint for the making of one, which I tried and found to answer very well. Get a dozen yards of wadding and eight of cretonne, four of one pattern and four of another; cut each piece into two widths and join them together, then arrange the wadding between, and bind the edges neatly with colored braid; a narrow fringe all around is an improvement. Sew a few dozen cheap shirt-buttons on it at regular intervals, to keep the wadding in its place, and you have a warm, useful, pretty rug, equally serviceable for the couch or the bed, at a very small outlay. Of course it comes cheaper still if you have any old curtains, dressing gowns, or any other soft materials that can be used instead of cretonne.

One pretty addition to the bed or dressing room which, though not strictly a contrivance, may be worth mentioning and describing—this is a shoe bag. A yard of holland will make one to hold four pairs of boots or shoes. The holland should be folded into three parts—two of equal size, the third smaller—and shaped to fold over like the adhesive part of an envelope. The two equal parts should be stitched together, then divided lengthways into eight compartments—each large enough to hold a boot or shoe—by rows of feather-stitch, herring-bone, or rows of narrow braid neatly put on. The whole bag, flap and all, should be bound with braid or finished off with fringe, or it might be made of pique or dimity, to match the toilet mats, and trimmed accordingly. Two tapes should be fastened at the back to tie it to the foot of the bedstead, or to hooks put up in any convenient place. The envelope shaped flap may be either tied, hooked, or buttoned over, and then the boots and shoes are out of the way in a careful, orderly manner, secured alike from dust and damage.

Windows, especially in large towns, are a continual tax on the patience and pocket of the housekeeper. It is needless to say how soon clean muslin or leno short curtains become grimy, or how badly they look then, and how troublesome it is to put them up quite straight and keep them so. On back windows a useful substitute for short curtains is tissue paper; white or pale yellow looks best, cut into pretty patterns and pasted neatly on the panes, with sweet oil or the white of an egg. It gives plenty of light, excludes observation, and only requires dusting with a feather-brush, while the cost is scarcely worth mentioning. In many instances it will be found to answer all the purposes of ground glass.

Seeing a lady fringing the ends of a pink bow, one day, I asked her why she did not save the ravellings.

"What for?" she asked, "what earthly use are they?"

"If you save a great many," I replied, "of different colors, and mix them softly together, they make a pretty sort of filling for the grate." And sure enough some months after, when I visited her, I found a soft, fluffy, flossy ball of all the colors of the rainbow in the drawing-room grate, and very pretty and original it looked. Indeed, silk ravellings are useful and well worth saving for many reasons; they stuff cushions very well, and where there is a baby they do beautifully to wad a converette for the cradle, being light, soft, and warm.

These are but a few of the contrivances, useful as well as ornamental, that are to a certain extent within everybody's reach.

Clever contrivances cover at least a third of the expenses of a prudent housekeeper. She brings them to bear on everything, from reversing the dining-room curtains when they begin to look faded, or placing a table over the weakest spot of the drawing-room carpet, to ingeniously concocting two new window curtains out of three old ones, or making the two best ends of a counterpane meet without exciting observation.

Answers to Inquirers.

MILLER, (Fairview, W. Va.)—The 11th of June, 1838, was a Tuesday.

SUB, (Rand Co., N. C.)—The magazine you speak of is published in New York.

G. E., (Brandywine, Md.)—Five feet seven inches is a tall stature for a female. The writing is good.

FRANKIE, (Columbus, Ohio,)—He evidently loves you, and will, in all probability, propose in good time.

ALFRED, (Lawrence, Ill.)—A marriage between persons whose notions upon religious topics differ is generally considered not advisable.

HENRY W., (East Saginaw, Mich.)—Eleanor is the English for Eleonora, and is a different name from Helena, which is the Latin of our Helen, and is pronounced as spelt.

NELLE, (Bremen, Ky.)—A red nose is often indicative of poorness of blood, and consequently ill-health. The system then requires tonic medicines, bracing habits, and good wholesome food.

NELLY, (Phila., Pa.)—Belladonna, when applied externally to the eyes, is supposed to have the effect of brightening them. But too much caution cannot be used in the application of this dangerous cosmetic.

W. D. E., (Clearmont, Tenn.)—The company you speak of, so far as we know, is entirely reliable. 2. There is no connection whatever between the two papers. As to the circulation or popularity we cannot speak.

KEYHILE, (Oakland, Mich.)—The symptoms mentioned are, when taken together, very strong indications of a growing passion of love. Both men and women should be taught to keep their feelings under subjection.

TOM T, (Loraine, O.)—Give the photograph back to the young lady. You had no business to take it in the first place, without her consent; and it will be a shameful piece of business for you to keep it against her wishes.

L., (Pendleton, W. Va.)—It is not proper for a young lady to marry without her parent's consent, except in rare and particular cases; but such a marriage is valid if all the other conditions attending it be legally fulfilled.

TEARFUL, (Adair, Mo.)—It is not consistent with etiquette for a lady and gentleman to shake hands when first introduced to each other. They merely bow. When next meeting, it is for the lady to recognise the gentleman first.

H. W., (Brattonville, Pa.)—A little alum added to saffron in hot soft water makes a beautiful ink. To remove rust from steel, cover the metal with sweet oil well rubbed in; forty-eight hours after rub with finely pulverized unslaked lime.

FISH, (Kirkland, Vt.)—Drinking spirits applied to the scalp would prove injurious. If your hair is falling off, bathe the hair with warm water daily, and use a comb and very soft brush. The less the head is brushed the stronger will the young hair grow.

T. B., (Phila., Pa.)—You must mean "metonymy" which is a figure in rhetoric. It is pronounced me-to-nimmy. "Tryst" is an old word, pronounced trist. At a morning call it is not etiquette for the lady of the house to open the room-door for her visitors to depart.

PAULINE W., (Polk, N. C.)—Your uncle's advice to you to abstain from the use of slang words and phrases was quite proper; you would do well to heed it. Slang is hardly tolerable when it comes from a man, and on the lips of a woman it is disgusting and abominable.

A. S., (Jackson, Ala.)—Gold lettering on bound books is done by covering the leather to be lettered with prepared egg-glair, and when that is dry, by laying the gold upon it, and then imprinting it with hot brass or other types. Without the egg-glair the gold will not adhere.

J. S., (Flint, Mich.)—The glass used in an aquarium can be advantageously cemented to the frame by good putty made of whitelead and linseed oil. Before putting in the fish, etc., water should be allowed to stand in it, and be changed until no taste or smell is imparted to it.

INQUIRER, (Manayunk, Pa.)—The Supreme Court of the United States consists of a Chief Justice and eight associate justices, appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate. The salary of the Chief Justice is $10,500 per annum; while the associates receive $10,000.

R. V. McB., (Elizabeth, Pa.)—We do not know whether the invention—which is English—has yet been introduced into this country. If you sent a letter of inquiry to the "Scientific American," New York, you might ascertain where and how one of the machines could be procured.

JOHN, (Brosque, Tex.)—Dragon's blood, when pulverized, is of a bright red color. In the varnish to which you refer the dragon's blood is the principal coloring matter, therefore it will not do to omit the ingredient. The varnish is applied with a brush in the ordinary way, and will impart color as well as gloss to white wood.

I. O. L., (Lewis, N. Y.)—In 1555 the hour of dinner with the great was 11 A. M., supper between five and six, P. M. Merchants dined an hour later, and the workmen an hour later than that. We don't think this has anything to do with the pride of aristocracy; but we do think it proves that the workmen, in keeping to their ancient times, are more a la mode than we think.

W. H. W., (Harrison, Ind.)—This subscriber sends us the following problem for solution: A and B start on a journey. A has five loaves of bread, and B has three. They travel till noon, when they stop to take refreshments. C then comes up and asks to dine with them. Consent is given, and all three sit down. When they have finished C hands them 80 cents to pay for what he has eaten. How much should A and B each receive of the money?

CHARLES F., (Lehigh, Pa.)—If you have a thorough knowledge of the principles of grammar, and can analyse and parse correctly, we would advise you to read the works of the best prose writers, noticing their style of composition, and occasionally analyzing sentences to observe their construction. In this manner you will combine literary profit with grammatical improvement. If you wish to devote a portion of your time to the study of rhetoric, it matters little what author you choose.

SCHOENHAR, (Kent Island, Md.)—We have received so many answers to your Problem that it is impossible to insert more than a few. All, however, differ in the result more or less widely, the ones we give approaching nearest coincidence. The calculations in the various cases are so elaborate that we cannot give any idea of the processes whereby the results were gained. "Subscriber," Wellington, Mo., makes the necessary sum $3,565.20; Clarion, Clarion county, Pa., $1,621.36; W. H. W., Harrison, Ind., $1,569.67; Mrs. E. N. Stockton, Mo., $1,654.17.

VIGONOSO, (Ontario, Can.)—We think that under the circumstances you have every reason for hoping to ultimately gain the lady's affection. You are evidently a deserving young man, and sooner or later the girl will perceive the folly of cherishing her absent lover's memory. He evidently cares nothing for her or he would not have allowed such a time to elapse, without writing to her at least. This conviction will force itself upon her in time. Keep up the acquaintance as heretofore; correspond and meet frequently as possible, and unless all signs fail, you will certainly win her.

CORSAIR, (Wayne, Ga.)—Eyebrows which are too close together give the countenance a sullen and morose appearance. Our modern belles accordingly take the greatest pains to destroy the hair at the top of the nose; whereas the Roman ladies strove to imitate it, by art, when it had been refused by nature. The eyelashes are decidedly a most important ornament of the face. It is no less strange than true, however, that Anglo Saxon beauties are quite inattentive to the growth of their eyelashes; though in Circassia, Georgia, Persia, and Hindostan, it is one of the first objects of a mother's care to promote the growth of her children's eyelashes.

OSCAR, (Roanoke, Va.)—As long as you live at home with your parents, you should obey them—at least, till you become of age; and even after that you should try so to manage matters, that you would never be placed in an attitude of disobedience to them. The idea, however, that a good son will never offend his parents is fallacious. The best son that ever lived was merely human, and of course fallible and full of human defects, and would inevitably do many improper things, and among them would naturally be comprised acts of disobedience and other unfilial conduct. But the good son would be sorry for such faults, and would grieve over and repent of them, while the bad son would harden his heart and continue stubborn and unrepentant in his transgressions.